THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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ROSSA AND DUBLIN.

reat Indignation Meeting Held to Protest Against His Treatment at the Hands of the Corporation.

Immense Gathering Denounces the Municipal Council, and Resolves to Avenge the Insult at the Polls.

[*Daily Independent, July 19.*]

ast evening at 8 o'clock an open air ting to protest against the conduct the corporation in not electing onovan Rossa to the city marshal-, was held in the vacant ground at esford place. There was a very large orderly assemblage, and addresses e delivered from the Custom House s by several speakers, including Mr. rles Doran, of Queenstown, whom lord mayor declined to hear on Mon- on the ground that he is not a citi- of Dublin, and one or two other nbers of the deputation appointed by Phœnix Park meeting to wait upon corporation. A resolution condemn- the action of that body was adopted. he time before 8 o'clock large num- s had gathered in the neighborhood he Custom House, and bands paraded adjoining streets discoursing patri- airs. At first the weather seemed promising. Rain fell heavily, and eatened to make matters anything comfortable to the audience. But long it cleared off, and the meeting ned and concluded in conditions the st favorable. By the time the speak- had arrived the gathering had as- ed vast proportions. There were r 10,000 people present. The conduct he crowd was throughout exemplary. J. P. Nannetti took the chair, and ong those also present were Messrs. D. Reagh, Denis Downey, M.C. Kelly, C. Connolly, W. J. Phillips, C. Moran, J. Riordan, George Devine, James Conner, L. Flood, J. Gordon, M. C. nny, J. McLoughlin (Glasgow), P. sey, C. Doran (Queenstown), T. Fitz- rick, D. A. Gould, W. P. O'Neill, P. clon, and others.

The chairman thanked them very rdially for their large attendance at t meeting under such dispiriting cir- mstances. They were all aware of the ult that their city fathers on last Mon- y offered to one of Ireland's greatest triots (shame)—a patriot not in the odern sense of the word, but one who d languished the best years of his life an English dungeon (cheers). They re met there to condemn the action of e men whom they had sent into the rporation to do their bidding, but who, hen they got into the chamber, seemed forget the men who returned them, d to think that they were independent them. The men of Dublin had come t in their thousands to welcome Donovan Rossa (cheers), and to cheer at faithful old man when he came ck from America among them. But hen they did all this, did they imagine r one moment that such treatment ould be meted out to him as that which had now received? (No, no). Did ey expect he would receive only three otes, while a young lad, simply because was the son of his father, was placed the top of the poll with 29 votes? hame). The elections would be com- g round in November, and they must turn men who would be independent all parties in the corporation and ould carry out the wishes of the peo- e. They had it in their hands to do is thing. O'Donovan Rossa had done oble work and had drawn the eyes of l the Christian world on Ireland, and e ratepapers had it in their power to ach those who had rejected him a les- n in November next (cheers).

Mr. David Quaid proposed the follow- g resolutions:

"WHEREAS, We are of opinion that e present pretended Nationalist repre- ntation in the corporation is not in mpathy with the masses of the peo- le;

"*Resolved*, That this meeting of citi- ens of Dublin is convinced that the so- alled Nationalist members have be- rayed the trust reposed in them by their onstituents to faithfully represent their iews owing to the malign influences rought to bear upon them to reject eremiah O'Donovan Rossa for the city arshalship, and to insult 30,000 citizens f Dublin in the persons of their ac- redited representatives by refusing hem the courtesy of an audience. And, whereas, we are of opinion that a much eeded reform in municipal representa- ion is essential,

"*Resolved*, That this meeting is of pinion that it is essential that a Na- ional Reform League should be estab- ished to redress the abuses arising from he present corrupt representation in the orporation of Dublin." (Cheers.)

In proposing the resolutions Mr. Quaid aid they were present that evening to o vindicate the honor of the Irish na- ion; they were present to re-echo the oice of the provinces, which unani- nously called upon the municipal coun- il of Dublin to elect Jeremiah O'Dono- an Rossa to the position of city mar- hal. They were present to proclaim to he people of all Ireland that they would never forget the services rendered by hat pure patriot O'Donovan Rossa in ndergoing a period of prolonged and weary martyrdom in the cells of England (hear, hear.) The reputation of the city of Dublin had been very much tarnished by the members of the corporation.

Mr. Riordan, in seconding the motion, said their presence at the meeting was only another testimony to the love which they bore to one who had suffered for his country. They had assembled there that evening in the same way as they had assembled 30,000 strong in Phœnix Park on Sunday, expressing the opinion of the Nationalists of all parts of Ireland in favor of O'Donovan Rossa in connection with the city marshalship (cheers). After narrating the circumstances connected with the corporation meeting on Monday last, he said the question of city marshalship was a national one, and he could tell them from a very close acquaintance with Mr. Rossa that he never sought that position. But when they asked him to accept that position they thought they could give him a small reward for the frightful suffering which he had undergone in the cause of Ireland.

Mr. Charles Doran, T.C., Queenstown, said that in consequence of the lord mayor having declared that he was not a citizen of Dublin he would only address them as fellow-countrymen. There was one thing he wished to call their attention to as well as the corporation, and that was the press of Dublin claiming to be National. He was the oldest pressman in the city of Dublin at present, and he declared in his experience at home and abroad he had never met with as rotten and corrupt a press as that of Dublin at the present time. In any other country in the world Rossa would be received and column after column written in his interest, but the press had between themselves conspired to silence the efforts of Rossa.

A Voice—Wyse Power.

The lord mayor and corporation had no more right than he had to elect a city marshal except by a bit of rotten parchment that was musty. They should not be ruled from Dublin Castle, but at present they were ruled from Dublin Castle through the men whom they had elected themselves. When he visited the City Hall on Monday, at the head of the stairs he saw a little piping popinjay, and asked "Who is that?" He was told it was the town clerk, and exclaimed, "My God! and does that midge represent the city of Dublin?" (Laughter.) In conclusion he said he would seek the civic chair in connection with the corporation of Dublin, and those who knew his reputation for the last forty years knew that he never yet made a statement about what he would do that did not come true.

Mr. P. Hector also supported the resolutions.

[illegible] and Doran was adopted on the motion of Mr. Fitzpatrick, seconded by Mr. Masterson. The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman, and the audience dispersed.

AN UNLUCKY SWORD.

When Napoleon I entered Cairo, on the 22d of July, 1798, he was presented with three swords of honor, richly inlaid with precious stones. He brought them back to Europe, and in 1802 he gave one to General Ney and another to Murat, keeping the third for himself. Ney received his at an imperial reception; the sword passed from one to another of those present, among whom was a young subaltern of the Auvergne regiment. When Napoleon escaped from Elba, Ney left the King and took sides with his former chief. After the allies entered Paris the place became too hot far him, and he made preparations to get out of the country with a pass procured for him under a false name, but his wife and a friend persuaded him that there was really no danger, and he decided to stay in France. Then came the order for his arrest; he fled to a castle in the possession of some friends, and succeeded in reaching it without his whereabouts becoming known. But he was destined to be betrayed by the sword of honor given to him thirteen years previously. He was one day looking at the paintings in one of the more public rooms of the castle, which he usually avoided, and feeling tired he threw himself on a couch, first taking off his Oriental sword, which he always wore out of affection for the Emperor. Suddenly he heard voices; he sprang up and hurriedly left the room, forgetting his sword. A minute later a party of ladies and gentlemen entered the room, one of them being the young subaltern of the Auvergne regiment, now a colonel. He at once recognized the sword, and in spite of all the owner of the castle could do, he called in some gendarmes and proceeded to make a search for Marshal Ney. Finding that he was discovered, Ney gave himself up quietly. On the 7th of December, 1815, the Marshal was shot, scarcely two months after the owner of the second sword, Murat, had met his fate in the same way.—*Search Light.*

Feels Young Again.

"I suffered with rheumatism in my back. I began using Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken three bottles and am feeling almost young again."—Mrs. B. F. Washtler, Calumet, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

IRELAND'S RUINED INDUSTRIES

How Iniquitous British Laws Crushed the Commercial Life Out of One of the Most Fertile Countries in the World.

Actions of the Government Which Made the Land of Prosperity a Land of Famine.

It may be interesting to inquire how many of those who now discuss the best measures to promote and expand the Irish woolen trade know nothing of how a great woolen industry first sprang up in Ireland, how it became the staple resource of several thousands of population, and how, when the fears and the jealousy of English traders had been awakened by its success, it was stamped out of the land by the British government, says an Irish journal. The work may be said to have been begun by Wentworth—afterwards Earl of Stratford—when he came over to Ireland as deputy in 1633. In pursuance of his policy of "thorough," he resolved to crush the flourishing woolen industry, fearing it would seriously interfere with the English woolen trade. At the same time he saw that the Irish soil was eminently suited for growing flax, and by way of compensation, he laid the foundation of the linen manufacture. For many years it was sorely hampered, and the war of the revolution all but abolished it. Meanwhile the woolen trade was gradually recovering from the effect of the blow which Strafford had struck at it. One circumstance gave it a vast impetus, and drove thousands of the people to rely on it for their bread. The navigation act of 1660, as amended in 1663, excluded Ireland from the colonial market. Ireland was famed for her pasture, and immense herds of cattle shipped across the channel from day to day. This trade in cattle became so extensive that the English landowners began to fear that the rents in England would become seriously depreciated if it were allowed to go on. Accordingly laws were passed prohibiting the [illegible] cattle, sheep and swine of beef, pork, bacon, mutton, butter and cheese. The effect of this atrocious statute can easily be conceived; for the moment it completely dried up the font of Irish prosperity. The amended navigation act forbade all the carrying trade in Irish-built ships with the colonies under the penalty of forfeiture of ships and cargo; and during the reign of William it was provided that no goods of any kind could be imported directly from Ireland to the colonies. Thus Irish commerce was annihilated.

In this supreme crisis, Irish wool came to the rescue. Irish wool has long been famed as the best wool in the world; and Irish traders perceived in the days we are dealing with that an opportunity of striking a mine in it was offered to them. The trade had gone on thriving, as we have said, notwithstanding the repressive measure of Strafford; but now it was extended by leaps and bounds. In the reigns of Henry VIII and of Elizabeth, legislative measures were directed against the export of wool from Ireland, for the shipping away of the raw material had, in the words of the statute, "been the cause of dearth of cloth and idleness of many folks," and tended "to the desolation and ruin of this poor land."

The amended navigation act did what those laws have failed to do. Large numbers of manufacturers came over from England, Scotland and even the continent; employment was given to many thousands of men; and the prohibition of the export of cattle was all but forgotten in the enthusiasm of the woolen trade. Never before, perhaps, in the whole course of Ireland's history, did her future look more promising; and it may be said with equal truth that never before did England get so great an opportunity of making and keeping the sister country at once prosperous and happy. The English parliament must have seen that; but they were as ready to give Ireland a stab now as when they yielded to the English landowners and ruined her shipping and cattle trade. And they did give the stab. In 1697 a bill was introduced into the English parliament to restrain the importation of woolen manufactures from Ireland. The object of this ferocious measure was to annihilate the Irish woolen trade. England at that time had her woolen trtde, too, and the English traders considered that Ireland was becoming a formidable rival. So they petitioned to have their competitor destroyed.

The petition of the house of lords to the king represented that "the growing manufacture of cloth in Ireland, by the cheapness of all sort of necessaries of life, and the goodness of materials for making all manner of cloth, doth invite your subjects of England, with their families and servants to leave their habitations and settle here, to the increase of the woolen manufacture in Ireland, which makes your loyal subjects in this kingdom very apprehensive that the further growth of it may greatly prejudice the old manufacture here." The king yielded. Here is his reply to the petitions: "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woolen trade in Ireland, and to encourage the linen manufacture there, and to promote the trade of England." So the Irish parliament was applied to, to complete the infamous work which the English parliament had begun.

One may well wonder, in these days, when we are crying out for a parliament of our own, how it is that an Irish house of commons in those days could have been willing to lend a hand in the work of destroying the prosperity of their country. Well, in the first place, the members who constituted the house were a servile, traitorous band; and, in the second place, if they had independence or patriotism, they durst not budge against the ukase of William. Poyning's act hampered and trammeled them, and for all practical purposes there might as well have been no Irish parliament at all.

The linen trade received no encouragement whatever until 1705—six years after the final blow had been given to the woolen trade, and no bounties came until 1743, when, as the same writer tells us, "the country had sunk into a condition of appalling wretchedness." As for the hempen manufacture, it was absolutely discouraged.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THANKSGIVING.

[In a recent issue we embodied a few lines from the following poem in an editorial. A great many friends have asked us to furnish the complete poem. We are pleased to find that the thoughts contained in these lines are so highly appreciated.—*True Witness.*]

For the sound of waters rushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies,
The crystals on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty,
Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the [illegible]
Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner majesty;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beauty,
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing,
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear name adored;
For the heavenly in the human,
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of being,
I thank thee, O my God!

A Spunky Irish Girl.

Elmira, N. Y., has at least one brave young Irish girl who has the courage of her convictions and will stand up for her faith even in the very camp of the enemy.

Thursday evening of last week one of Elmira's prominent churches had a lecturer from out of the city, and a large audience had assembled to listen to the eloquence he was to impart. Miss Kittie Ryan, one of our most talented and charming young ladies, had been invited to give two vocal solos during the evening. The lecturer of the evening was introduced and spoke at some length, and in the course of his remarks gave some alleged information on Catholicity to his interested listeners, telling how they worshipped holy pictures, were idolators, etc. It all passed off very well until Miss Ryan rendered her second solo, after which she gave vent to her true Irish spunk, and asking permission to make a few remarks, then and there said she was a Catholic, and knowing the remarks just made by the speaker were false and unjust thought it a duty to defend her faith, and that such remarks in this enlightened age were sadly out of place. The worthy (?) gentleman must have felt as if cold water had dashed his frame, as the applause of the audience rung out to cheer the brave girl. God bless her! Would that there were many more like her.—*Catholic Union and Times.*

NIGHT OF HORROR.

An English Tourist Experiences a Terrible Adventure in Falling from a Great Precipice at the Hill of Howth.

Hanging all Night betwixt Air and Water, He is Finally Rescued from His Awful Peril.

[*Irish Daily Independent, July 12.*]

It is seldom that mischance so startling is accompanied by chance so fortunate as that which threatened, and on Tuesday night preserved upon the cliffs of Howth, the life of Henry John Staff an English tourist, who that day set out from Dublin to enjoy the scenery for which Howth is famous. Mr. Staff is, it seems, a clerk employed in the Liverpool fish market, and only a few days ago he came to Ireland bent on pleasure. His object was to make a tour of various districts noted for the picturesque. In Dublin he put up at a temperance hotel in D'Olier street, and on Tuesday afternoon he left Amiens street by the train which reaches Howth at 3:15. The cliffs, which at that place present so much of wildness and of beauty, soon attracted him, and for some distance he traversed them and enjoyed their charms. Between 5 and 6 o'clock he had reached a point between the Nose of Howth and Bailey Lighthouse where are flowers, and in quest of these he had descended a considerable distance down the cliff. Here by mischance, as unaccountable as his salvation was miraculous, he lost his footing and fell down the precipice. At this particular point the hillside descends almost sheer into the water. The cliff's height is about 300 feet. Some distance from the top it gradually slopes, the surface being grassy, but to this slope succeeds a stretch of rock devoid of vegetation, and remarkable for its tremendous height and ruggedness. In fact so fearful is the view either from the cliff or from the sea below that only death, and death of the most terrible description, seems to wait upon the least [illegible] of the pedestrian whose pinch [illegible] did Mr. Staff fall down the precipice.

As nearly as he can remember it was then about a quarter to 6 o'clock. There seemed but one of two alternatives before him—to be dashed to pieces on the rocks or swallowed by the seething waters under. The shock of the fall stunned him. But in three hours from the moment when he missed his footing he awoke to consciousness and found himself still tolerably safe, but in a position which might well strike terror to his heart. He was jammed between two rocky ledges, and the projection which he occupied was not much more than a foot wide. Some notion of its flimsiness may be deduced from the fact that it consisted for the greater part of fallen stones and clay, whereon some vegetation had accumulated. Fully a hundred feet below him yawned the sea, and up above him towered like a barrier, cutting off all hope of succor, some 200 feet of rock, steep and apparently impassable. It was a terrible position. The slightest movement threatened certain death, and with the gathering darkness came the prospect of "an all night sitting," fraught with all the horrors of exposure and uncertainty. From time to time he called in the vain hope that some one might hear and help him. But his voice, already weakened by the shock, broke upon no human ear. Even at noonday it is doubtful whether any cries from such a spot could have been heard upon the heights above. But in the dark of night the place is utterly deserted:

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard there is the seabird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

In such surroundings, therefore, did he spend his night. When daylight broke, wearied, yet hopeful, he surveyed the waters and endeavored to attract attention from some passing boat. At length his efforts were rewarded. About 7 o'clock a. m., John Leyland and Andrew Moore, two fishermen, were hauling lobster pots. They heard the cries and saw the signals, and proceeded to the cliff foot, but found it almost impossible to reach the unfortunate man. One of them, Leyland, did attempt to climb the rock, but his companion, realizing the impossibility of removing the man without help, persuaded Leyland to enter the boat and return to Howth for assistance. The men lost no time in returning and reporting the matter to the police. Sergt. Ward and Constable Devine immediately secured the assistance of Dr. Myles, and having sent a band of men along the cliffs in case they should be needed, the sergeant and his companions returned in the fishing-boat, along with Mr. Amsden, chief officer of coast guards, and five men. They carried with them an abundant supply of ropes and tackle, and the doctor was equipped with the necessary restoratives. Upon reaching the place where Mr. Staff remained in such great risk, six of the rescue party discarded boots and all incumbrances, and clambered up the rock. The doctor was able to proceed some fifty feet above the sea level, and the other members of the party finished the hundred, some of them finding it necessary to ascend beyond that height in order to release the unhappy man.

By means of ropes he was at length dislodged and lowered to the point at which the doctor stood. Here Dr. Myles administered restoratives and took such other measures for the safety of the patient as were possible. How perilous had been his seat, however, may be gathered from the fact that Staff no sooner was removed than the ledge which he had occupied throughout the night gave way and a huge boulder, accompanied by clay and other fragments of debris, crashed downwards, almost striking in its fall a coast guard officer. Even as it was, the poor fellow assured the rescue party that had they been but a few minutes later he must have fallen from sheer exhaustion and thus perished. It was the work of a few minutes lowering him to the boat, and, that done, Howth was made as speedily as possible. On leaving the boat the patient, who was able to walk with assistance, proceeded to the residence of Dr. Myles, where he continues under treatment. His injuries consist of general shock, a sprained arm, and a number of bruises, principally on the back and chest. But, considering the ordeal through which he passed, the patient's state is highly satisfactory, and Dr. Myles expects that in a few days he will be able to return to Dublin. It remains but to be added that the fishermen, the sergeant of police, the doctor, the coast guard officer, and other members of the relief party, deserve the greatest credit for the promptitude and tact with which they acted.

WALKING AS A PASTIME.

One of the Very Best Ways of Spending a Brief Vacation.

Eugene Lamb Richards writes a paper in the August number of *The Century* on "Walking as a Pastime." He thinks this is one of the most interesting, healthful and economical ways of spending a vacation, and he gives a number of valuable hints to those who have had little experience in tramping. Mr. Richards says:

This mode of travel, besides being independent, has other advantages. No great preparations are needed for a trip. A vacation of a few days can be utilized by a man's swinging his pack on his back and going off into the country. Owing to the continual change of abiding-place, in three days it often seems as if the traveler had been absent a week.

Another advantage is the light expense. In all other traveling trips the cost of mere locomotion is a great item. By walking, the change from place to place is made without paying any railroad or steamship fares, without paying any expressman or hackman, and without [illegible] these unavoidable expenses [illegible] make the cost of a trip a [illegible]

[illegible] advantage is the tonic effect on body and mind. This is due to the freedom from care and to the natural life—the continual exercise in the open air, which stimulates the appetite and causes a great demand for food. The amount of food consumed on one of these trips is generally three times what is taken at home. The stimulating action on the skin, by the constant flushing of the pores in consequence of the exercise, and the baths required to keep one clean, bring into a state of healthy activity a part of one's system generally neglected by those living sedentary lives. In the coldest winter weather I often find, on closing a day's tramp, that my undergarments are wet with perspiration. Then, too, fatigue brings good sleep. Thus, with exercise, good food, free perspiration in fresh air, and plenty of sleep, a man takes nature's best tonics.

It must not be supposed that these tramps exercise only the legs and feet. If one carries a pack, the upper part of the body and especially the muscles which hold the shoulder blades are thoroughly exercised. The back and the abdomen come in for their share, so that when the trip is over, and one goes about without his pack, it is not very hard to walk erect.

If a man wishes to begin the practice of tramping I should advise him to take at first daily walks of at least four miles. After a little hardening of the muscles in this way, he should try the experiment of going for the whole day with a bag or knapsack; and, after a week or more, for two or three days. With this preliminary training, the candidate for walking will be ready for a longer tramp. But, above all things, let the beginner not do too much at once. After tasting the good effects of walking, I am quite sure that if a man has any love for nature in his soul, and any admiration for the beauties of scenery, he will not willingly forego the pleasure of tramping whenever he has opportunity to enjoy it.

There are certain particulars in the care of the person, both on the tramp and after the walk for the day is over, the advantages of which I was long in learning. In the first place, on a long tramp I make it a principle to start out early, never doing more than twenty miles the first day. Walking with novices, I endeavor to begin in the afternoon, if possible, so as to give rest to their weary muscles after only a few hours of exercise. The third day is always the trying one; it seems to take about seventy-two hours to get to the critical point of fatigue. I have never known any one to pass the third day, and keep on walking, without making a successful pedestrian, and every man who has failed in a walk has failed the the third day.

T. Shea, Tailor.

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SENATE WAVERING.

Not So Very Solid on the Tariff as It Was.

MUCH PRESSURE FROM THE OUTSIDE

Seems to Have an Effect in the Ranks which, However, Has Not Yet Developed Into Tangible Signs of Agreement—Many Conferences Held That Were Futile—A Compromise Scheme That Is Proposed—House Conferrees Confident.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—For the first time since the tariff bill has been in conference there were signs of wavering in the strong line that has stood behind the senate bill. "Senate bill or no bill" was repeated, but less frequently and with less emphasis than heretofore. The only explanation for the brief conferences that were the feature of the day is the fact that the house conferrees felt that the situation was changing in their favor. There are many reasons advanced to show that this statement has good foundation. It is known that the mails and the telegraph are bringing to the Democratic senators urgent appeals to pass a bill "which will not favor the trusts and which will be in line with the demands of the party platform."

Pressure on Senate Conferrees.

These requests to the senators are endorsements of the position of the president and the house in the main points of difference. That these telegrams are having effect cannot be denied and they have caused the senators who are most insistent upon the senate bill as regards coal, iron ore and sugar no little concern. It is known that a great deal of pressure is being brought to bear on the Democratic conferrees of the senate to report an agreement with modifications of the three principal items, a compromise being suggested to the extent of a flat ad valorem rate on sugar of 45 per cent. with an extension of the bounty to Jan. 1, 1895, free iron ore, coal 40 cents a ton, with a reciprocity provision that coal shall be admitted free from such countries as grant free admission to coal produced in the United States.

Believe the Scheme a Cinch.

While this proposition has not been submitted with any assertion that it is an ultimatum of the house conferrees, there is a great deal of talk that such a proposition is likely to be presented. This, it is believed, will secure the votes of the Louisiana senators, the two Populists, Allen and Kyle, and Irby of South Carolina. In that event it would take three other Democratic senators besides Hill to defeat the bill, and the house members declare the number cannot be found. It is a fact that the situation, turning as it does on these lines, has caused considerable uneasiness among the Democrats of the senate, and especially those who are known to be steadfast in their demands for the senate bill in its main features.

Will Compel the Senate to Yield.

The reliance of the house upon outside pressure and the Democratic sentiment that seems to be rallying around the president and the house from the country at large, it is claimed, will grow stronger from day to day until the senate conferrees will be compelled [illegible] The prestige which they [illegible] talked in conference [illegible] dional repeal of the all-[illegible] law has been pointed out as being evidence of a determination now which, with the solid backing of the Democratic leaders in the house, will bring about a similar result on the tariff bill.

Where Representatives Find Comfort.

The house members also find considerable comfort in their analysis of the speeches made by the Democratic senators when the conference disagreement was before the senate, in which they find that but one Democrat besides Hill made any pledge of his vote, and that was Caffery, who declared that if the Louisiana sugar interests were not protected he would not vote for the bill. None of the other senators, it is claimed, burned the bridges behind them; none of them declared absolutely that they would vote against the bill if the ⅛ differential on sugar was not retained or if the duty on iron ore and coal was stricken out.

TENSION AS GREAT AS EVER.

Democratic Conferrees Fail to Agree and Hold Frequent Consultations.

The tension between the senate and house was as marked at the close of the session yesterday as it had been at any time previous. The Democratic members of the conference found themselves in a complete deadlock when they met during the forenoon, and the full conference found itself without business before it when it convened. The full conference did not continue to exceed fifteen minutes, and the proceedings consisted of a statement by the Democrats to the Republicans that the Democratic conferrees had been unable to reach an understanding, and a suggestion on the part of Chairman Wilson that the conference adjourn subject to the call of the chairman, which suggestion was acquiesced in by the Republicans.

Democratic members of both houses appreciate to the utmost the gravity of the situation. The Democratic senators who will say anything on the subject say that to all appearances the house conferrees are as unyielding as they have been at any time. It is stated that at the conference yesterday the house members appeared even more determined to maintain their position. Occasionally a Democrat could be found on the senate side who would express the hope that the house conferrees would content themselves with this last demonstration of disapproval and subsequently agree to come to the senate's terms.

Conferences among Democratic leaders in the senate and between these senators and Democratic members of the house were frequent during the day after the conference adjourned, and they were held with the view of harmonizing the differences, if possible. The Democrats will meet in formal conference again today.

Delays in House and Senate.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Vice President Stevenson occupied his accustomed seat in the senate. Among the bills introduced was one by Allen to provide for the issue of $50,000,000 in treasury notes to be distributed pro rata among the states "for the relief of the worthy poor." An amendment to the agricultural bill appropriating $1,000,000 to exterminate the Russian thistle was insisted on, the house having disagreed to it. The joint resolution extending appropriations to Aug. 14 was agreed to.

Beyond the passage of a few unimportant bills by unanimous consent nothing was accomplished by the house. Boutelle offering a resolution congratulating and recognized the Hawaiian republic, but on a point of order it was referred to the committee on foreign affairs.

RECOGNITION OF HAWAII.

Minister Willis' Reply to the Announcement of the Republic.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The president has sent to congress another installment of Hawaiian correspondence, the most important feature of which is Minister Willis' recognition of the new republic. The minister, after relating the proclamation of the republic and alluding to a communication from Hatch, Hawaiian minister of foreign affairs, announcing the new step, adds that on the 5th of July he replied to Hatch's note stating that "I hereby, as far as I have the right to do, extend to the republic of Hawaii the recognition accorded its predecessor, the provisional government of the Hawaiian island. I do this in the belief that I represent the president of the United States, to whom, as the executive chief of the government, my action in the premises will be promptly submitted for his necessary approval."

Apropos of Boutelle's resolution of recognition of the new republic, necessity for action by congress may be avoided by a proclamation or message to Hawaii by President Cleveland. The executive has power to act in this matter independent of congress. The cabinet has had the question under consideration at its recent meetings. It meets today, and if it should then be decided to ratify the action of Minister Willis in recognizing the new government and to send a message to President Dole, congressmen say that congressional action would be uncalled for and unnecessary. A royalist commission is now on its way here to see the president in behalf of Queen Liliuokalini, its object, it is believed here, being to obtain from this government some compensation for the ex-queen.

Anti-Trust Constitutional Amendment.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Hutcheson of Texas has introduced a resolution for an amendment to the constitution to give congress jurisdiction over trusts. The amendment proposed is as follows: "Trusts and monopolies dealing in agricultural products or other articles of prime necessity shall not exist in the United States, and congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Rejected a Nomination.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—The senate in executive session rejected the nomination of Edward J. Taylor, of New York, to be collector of customs for the district of Niagara, N. Y.

Senator Voorhees Is No Better.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Senator Voorhees' general condition has not changed. He still suffers considerable pain and is not resting very well.

ROME AND THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

Some Spicy Correspondence Between Editor and Archbishop.

NEW YORK, July 31.—The editor of the Wine and Spirit Gazette wrote to Archbishop Corrigan regarding Satolli's decision that no one connected directly or indirectly with the liquor trade could be a member of a Roman Catholic society, asking the archbishop whether the decision would be generally enforced, stating that [illegible] two-thirds of the retail liquor dealers in the country were Roman Catholics, and closing: "We dare Archbishop Corrigan to enforce in letter and in spirit the decree against the liquor traffic just issued by Mgr. Satolli, the papal delegate. Let the archbishop do it and watch the consequences."

The archbishop replied that he loyally accepted the principles of Satolli's inhibition both in spirit and letter, and that no Roman Catholic could do otherwise, but that acceptance of a principle was not blind application of the same under all circumstances. "As to fear of consequences, I have yet, thank God, to learn what fear is in the discharge of my duty."

The editor replies that Corrigan does not squarely meet the issue, and wants to know whether the archbishop will order a refusal of the privileges of the church and its societies to those who ignore Satolli's dictum. He adds that the archbishop's letter seems to justify the conclusion that he will, though he doesn't say so in terms.

Must Go To Work or Move.

MURPHYSBORO, Ills., July 31.—The Gartsides Coal mines have notified their miners give up possession of the houses which they rent or go to work. A small number went down to repair the mine without protection and a large number promised to report for work. The adjoining mines of the Big Muddy Coal and Iron company are working with new men under protection of deputy marshals.

Developed as a Slick Thief.

AUSTIN, Tex., July 31.—Bob Hicks, a young Texan, has suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from this city. He represented several grocery firms located in St. Louis and New York, has sold their goods for spot cash away below the market price and pocketed the money. He had taken an active interest in Y. M. C. A. affairs, and frequently led in devotional services.

Busting the Base Ball.

CHICAGO, July 31.—Following are the scores recorded on League base ball diamonds: At Philadelphia—New York 13, Philadelphia 7; at Pittsburg—Cincinnati 6, Pittsburg 8; at Cleveland—Louisville 5, Cleveland 14; at Chicago—St. Louis 4, Chicago 8; at Baltimore—Boston 5, Baltimore 2; at Brooklyn—Washington 10, Brooklyn 6.

Jealous Negro Murder and Suicide.

LOUISVILLE, July 31.—A brutal murder was committed here at 1818 West Madison street. Thomas Evans, colored, cut his wife's throat with a razor, nearly severing her head from her body, and then committed suicide by cutting his own throat. Evans was jealous of his wife and they had quarreled frequently.

Marriage of Jack McAuliffe.

BROOKLYN, July 31.—"Jack" McAuliffe, the prize fighter, married, in the Hotel St. George, Catherine Row, known on the stage as Pearl Inman, of the Inman sisters. McAuliffe's wedding took place at 8 a. m. and last night he started for Bangor, Me., to train for his fight with Griffo.

How Is This for a Summer Resort?

YANKTON, S. D., July 31.—One hundred and five in the shade was the record here yesterday. Sunday it was 102, and for ten days it has not been below ninety-seven.

Leading College in Texas Burned.

DALLAS, Tex., July 31.—Mayo college, the leading educational institution of north Texas, at Cooper, Delta county, was destroyed by fire. Loss, $100,000.

BURNED AND DROWNED

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE CAUSED BY FOREST FIRES.

Many Overcome by Heat at Phillips, Wis. and Falling Upon the Streets of the Burning Town Are Roasted Where They Lay—Those Who Escaped Are Without Homes and Are in a Destitute Condition.

MILWAUKEE, July 30.—A heavy loss of life resulted in Phillips from the fire. It is estimated that between fifteen and twenty-five persons were either burned to death or drowned in their efforts to escape from the flames that destroyed the town. The only refuge from the fire was the lake, and hundreds of people fled to the water to avoid death in the fire. In the rush the weaker ones fell down or were carried into the deep water and perished. Others, overcome by the heat and smoke, fell in the streets and were burned to death where they lay. The entire northern part of the state is a sea of flame.

The country is dotted with the homes of farmers and homesteaders and with lumber camps. There is no doubt that hundreds of these buildings have been burned, while the fate of the people is in doubt. It is probable that many of these people have also lost their lives. Of those who perished here three bodies have been found. The citizens who escaped the fire are homeless and without food or clothing, and are in a state of the most serious destitution. The operator sending the news from Phillips, tapped the telegraph wire in the woods and with a board for a table and the earth for a seat sent his messages with a pocket telegraph instrument.

REPORTS TO RAILWAY OFFICIALS.

Serious Conditions of Affairs in the Northern Part of Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE, July 30.—The reports of forest and other fires in northern Wisconsin received by officials of the railroads, show a serious condition of affairs, but nearly all the reports spoke encouragingly of the promise of heavy rains during the day at various points, which would have a most decided effect on the fires and stop their further progress. Agents on the line of the St. Paul road report that there have been no fires on the Wisconsin Valley division. Fires of greater or less extent are running between Channing and Prai. Mich., on the Lake Superior division. Lumber camps on the Gibson and Tolcen spurs of the road, four miles west of Channing, are reported destroyed and fires are running rapidly through the woods in that part of the country.

All trains on the Wisconsin Central road in that section of country where the fire is raging to the greatest extent are held up at various points or are picking their way through the burned over sections slowly and with frequent stops. Every effort is being made by General Manager Whitcomb to get to the towns and lumber camps where fire has cleaned out nearly everything in order to carry supplies to the people left homeless and without anything, in many cases, to eat or wear, the main object of the company at present being to relieve the destitute people rather than to save property. [illegible] regular [illegible] of affairs at Phillips is reported by agents of the Central to be very bad and the people of the place are in need of immediate relief in the way of food and clothing and material with which to construct temporary homes. The reports seem to indicate that the town is practically out of existence. It was a place of about 2,000 people.

In the Vicinity of Grand Rapids.

GRAND RAPIDS, Wis., July 30.—Forest fires are raging along the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Green Bay and Minnesota railroads in this section. Daly & Sampson have sent out a large force of men to fight fires in the vicinity of their sawmill, located about four miles from Centralia. Fires are dangerous near the [illegible] new mill being built at Arpin by Arpin Bros. Considerable hay has been burned, and cranberry marshes are endangered. It is feared a repetition of the disastrous experiences of last fall will result if rain does not come soon.

Conflagration at Belle Plaine, Ia.

BELLE PLAINE, July 30.—A fire which consumed over sixty buildings and destroyed property to the value of of $500,000 broke out here. Aid was asked from Cedar Rapids and Tama. Before engines arrived, at 9 o'clock, the entire business district of the town was in ashes. The insurance will not exceed $300,000. The Burley House was the only hotel left standing. No one was killed, but several people were badly injured. The fire started in a livery stable in the business section and spread rapidly.

Conflagration at Oshkosh.

OSHKOSH, Wis., July 30.—A conflagration has broken out in the lumber district. The yards of Stanchfield, Ames & Co., and the Diamond Match company are raging torrents of flames. The finest residence portion of the city is threatened and there is a great rush in that direction. The whole fire department is at the scene.

Iowa Town Fire Swept.

BROOKLYN, July 30.—A greater part of the business portion of Brooklyn, Ia., was burned. Sixteen buildings were consumed, including the postoffice. The Chronicle office and the Poweshiek County bank. Loss estimated at $150,000; insurance not more than one-half the loss.

NAMED THE COMMISSION.

The President Appoints the Men to Investigate the Chicago Strike.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—The president has appointed John D. Kernan of New York and Nicholas E. Worthington of Peoria, Ills., to act with Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright in the presidential commission to investigate the Chicago strike.

Suicide Jokes with His Friends.

ELKHART, Ind., July 30.—Lucius Little, aged 50 years and a life long resident of this city, committed suicide here by taking twenty grains of morphine. While dying he laughed at what he had done and jested with those gathered around him. No cause is known for his act. He leaves a wife and four children, one of the latter being Mrs. Harry Ordway, of Chicago.

Vigilant Beaten Again.

PENZANCE, England, July 30.—The Britannia won the thirteenth race with the Vigilant.

NO SENATOR NAMED.

The Illinois Republican Convention Was Opposed to It.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., July 26.—Neither Cullom nor Mason received the nomination for senator by the Illinois Republican convention. Theodore Chapman of Jerseyville moved that the motion to nominate a senator be laid upon the table. He declared that the nomination would put a collar about the neck of every senatorial and legislative candidate. He ended his speech by urging that the delegates had not been sent to the convention to nominate a senator, and thought if they simply obeyed the call they would be credited with doing their duty. The motion to lay on the table was seconded amid the excited shouts of the delegates. There was some delay in coming to a vote. Some delegates were trying to secure the recognition of the chair. Others were shouting for a roll call. Finally Chairman Fifer ordered the secretary to call the roll on the motion to table. Every time a large delegation voted for or against the measure the friends or opponents of a nomination expressed their approval by prolonged cheers. The motion to nominate was tabled by a vote of 1,019 yeas to 315 nays.

The following is the ticket nominated by the convention: State treasurer, Henry Wulff; superintendent of public instruction, S. M. Inglis; trustees of the State university, E. A. Bullard, Alexander McLean, and Mrs. J. M. Flower.

The platform adopted maintains the doctrine of protection to American industries; objects to the importation of free raw material; denounces as un-American the provisions of the Wilson bill; favors bimetallism, and the payment of liberal pensions to soldiers and sailors of the Union; arraigns the administration of Governor Altgeld, and thanks Senator Cullom for his opposition to the senate tariff bill.

Wisconsin Republican Ticket.

MILWAUKEE, July 27.—Following is the full ticket nominated by the Republicans: Governor, Major William Henry Upham of Marshfield, Wood county; lieutenant governor, Emil Baensch of Manitowoc, Manitowoc county; secretary of state, Colonel Henry Casson of Viroqua, Vernon county; treasurer, Sewell M. Peterson of Rice Lake, Barron county; attorney general, William Henry Milres, Wausau, Marathon county; state superintendent, John Quincy Emery, Dane county; railroad commissioner, Duncan J. McKenzie of Buffalo; insurance commissioner, Dr. William A. Fricke of Milwaukee.

SENT TO CONFERENCE.

Tariff Bill Goes Back but Without Any Instructions.

WASHINGTON, July 27.—In the senate the report of the conference on the tariff bill was called up by Jones of Arkansas. The pending question was the decision of the chair on the points of order raised by Gray and Mills against Washburn's motion to instruct the senate conferees to recede from the ⅛ of 1 cent differential on sugar above 16 Dutch standard. Manderson was immediately recognized and proceeded to argue against the point of order upon which so much hinged. Harris in the chair, sustained the point of order against Washburn's [illegible] appeal from that decision [illegible] vote to lay the appeal on the table was a tie—33 to 33, and was lost. The negative vote consisted of twenty-eight Republicans and Hill (Dem.), Allen, Kyle and Peffer (Populists). Stewart did not vote. Those voting in the affirmative were all Democrats. The senate having failed to sustain the chair the vote recurred on the motion of Washburn to instruct the conferees to recede from the ⅛ differential on refined sugar. The vote resulted—yeas 33, nays 33. Motion not agreed to. The bill was then sent to conference without instructions and without division of the senate, no vote being taken on the motion to send the bill back to conference.

DROWNING INCIDENTS.

Nine People Lost While Enjoying Boat Rides.

NEWMARKET JUNCTION, July 30.—During a heavy thunderstorm on Great Bay a small boat, containing William R. Bryne and Michael Carroll, was capsized and both were drowned. Another boat met with a similar accident, and its occupant, whose name is unknown, was also drowned.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., July 30.—Thomas Pickett, aged 45, his son Edward Pickett, 16, and James Martin, aged 28, have probably been drowned. They went out in a small boat on the Hudson river. As they did not return it is supposed that during the squall their boat was upset and the men were drowned.

NEW YORK, July 30.—A small yacht carrying six persons was capsized in the Hudson river opposite Hastings, during a severe squall and thunderstorm that passed over the river, and three of the passengers were reported to be missing, and it is feared they were drowned. They are: George Clipper, 21 years old; Henry Heblein, 20 years; Jacob Schmidt, 20 years.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Of the Engagement Between the Fleets of China and Japan.

YOKOHAMA, Japan, July 30.—The Japanese government has issued the following official statement of the recent engagement between the fleets of Japan and China:

"In consequence of severe provocation, three ships of the Japanese squadron were compelled to engage the Chinese fleet off Fontao, or Round island. They captured the Chinese warship Tsao Kian and sank a Chinese transport with soldiers on board. Unfortunately, one of the largest Chinese ironclads of the northern fleet, the Chen-Yuen, escaped to China, and the Chinese torpedo cruiser Huan-Tai escaped to Fusan in Corea. The three Japanese warships engaged were the Allitsushima, the Takachiho, and the Hih-Yei. They escaped entirely without injury."

Heavy Receipts of Live Stock.

CHICAGO, July 31.—There were unprecedented receipts of live stock at the stock yards. During the day 60,000 hogs, 25,000 cattle and 12,000 sheep were received. This is believed to be due to shipments of grass fed animals from the corn belt which would have been kept and fattened but for the failure of the corn crop owing to the drouth.

Work for 2,500 Men.

CHICAGO, July 31.—Twenty-five hundred men went to work at the Illinois Steel company's plant. The works had been closed since the beginning of the strike.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF EVENTS IN THE STATE.

Subjects Handled Which Will Be of Interest to Our Own Readers—Items Gathered from All Over the Prairie State and Given in Brief Form.

QUINCY, Ills., July 30.—The trustees of the State Soldiers' home, General Parsons of Flora, Ills., Colonel Sexton of Chicago, and Captain Steinwedell of Quincy, began an investigation of the management. Complaint had been made that Superintendent Fogg was altogether too harsh in the discipline to which he subjected the old soldiers. It was also charged that the food was poor, particularly the bread, which was denominated, with much emphasis, bad. Before the trustees met this last charge had been answered by the management through an order for a better quality of flour and for a mixing machine to be used in kneading the dough. These changes were satisfactory to the veterans.

With reference to the discipline, the trustees modified the superintendent's order forbidding the inmates of the home from writing their complaints to the newspapers. With this one exception Superintendent Fogg's rules were allowed to stand, Colonel Sexton and Captain Steidweddell of the board had mutual explanations as to their differences. The complaints of extravagance in management were taken up. It was found that with 136 additional inmates there was a surplus of $18,000 for the quarter. A number of cases of alleged excessive discipline were investigated and the superintendent sustained. William Kirk, the inmate who started the complaints about the internal management of the home, was brought before the board and reprimanded.

DESERTED BY HIS WIFE.

Minister Makes a Sensational Announcement at Close of Service.

YORKVILLE, Ills., July 31.—At the close of the Congregational church service the pastor, Rev. J. G. Haigh, created a sensation in announcing to his people the desertion of his wife from his household. He said that she had gone and that her whereabouts was unknown to him. Mrs. Haigh and their two children, girls of 14 and 11 years respectively, had, he said, Thursday morning last taken the excursion train for Cowdrey's park and were to return late in the evening. When they failed to return to the pastor's household he began an investigation and found that his wife had taken all the clothing and personal effects of herself and children. Mr. Haigh has preached at this church eight years.

STATISTICS OF ILLINOIS MINES.

Coal Diggers Average $335 per Month During the Past Year.

SPRINGFIELD, July 28.—The twelfth annual report of Illinois labor statistics has been issued. Coal mine statistics show that fifty-six counties mined coal during the past year; seventy-eight mines in the state produced 19,949,564 tons; number of employes, 35,390; number of miners, 26,145; aggregate value produced, $17,897,595; average [illegible] of lump coal at the mines, [illegible] cents; average price for hand mining, 71 cents per ton. Miners averaged $15 per month. Average house rent paid per month, $5.75.

Fires at Peoria, Ills.

PEORIA, July 27.—Fire totally destroyed the West Bluff car barns of the Central Railway company together with twenty-nine horse cars and other machinery. A number of buildings close by were destroyed and a big conflagration was narrowly averted. The total loss is $10,000 with an insurance of $3,500 on the barns. While the fire was at its hottest a fire broke out in the Sylavan Opera house, a summer theatre in the extreme upper end of the city, and it was totally destroyed.

Drowned in the Desplaines River.

DESPLAINES, Ills., July 28.—Harry Lynn, aged 20, of Chicago, who has been attending camp meeting here, went in bathing with several other young men in the Desplaines river and was taken with cramps and drowned. He was employed by Marshall Field & Co. of Chicago, and leaves a widowed mother, of whom he was her only support.

They Found It Out Too Late.

DANVILLE, Ills., July 30.—George Hughes, aged 55, a well-to-do farmer near this city, choked to death in a restaurant while eating beefsteak. No one knew what was the matter with him till a doctor put his finger in his mouth and took out the steak. It was too late, however, to save his life.

New Home for Old Soldiers.

JOLIET, Ills., July 28.—The Illinois Woman's Relief Corps has purchased George P. Trowbridge's farm near Wilmington, Will county, for a home for old soldiers and their wives. This is the only one of the kind in the state. The beneficiaries will take possession in the fall.

State Items.

John Stevens was sentenced at Salem, Ills., to twelve years in the penitentiary for robbing a safe at Iuka, Ills.

Burglars broke into the postoffice at Woodhull, Ills., and stole a small sum of money.

David Nubregall began suit in the Fulton county, Ills., court against the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road for $10,000 for injuries sustained by his 10-year-old son.

Pell Downey, a prisoner who had broken jail at Metropolis, Ills., was fatally shot by Marshal Wyant while resisting arrest.

The jury returned a verdict against Rev. Mr. Whitman in his suit against the First Baptist church of Joliet, Ill.

Forest fires destroyed fifteen fields of wheat and oats in the immediate neighborhood of Princeton, Ills. Fire brigades, volunteer and regular, are working day and night to save imperiled property.

Colored Baptists of central Illinois are having a campmeeting at Fairbury. The Rev. F. C. Flemming of Pontiac is in charge.

Louis Maas went to Bushnell, Ills., and drank half a pint of clear alcohol. His funeral occurred next day.

Bloomington, Ills., has ordered a waterworks pump with 4,000,000 gallons daily capacity.

A. B. Young at Harmony, Ills., shot John Moll in the face with a shotgun during a quarrel. Moll's wounds are apt to prove fatal.

Roger Raylor, aged 19, was run over by an Alton freight train and killed at Bloomington, Ills.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

S. Rische's store at Vincennes, Ind., was robbed by burglars of $300 in cash and a gold watch.

At the Spiritualistic encampment at Anderson, Ind., J. Clegg Wright, the Cincinnati medium, challenged the Rev. Clark Braden of Anderson for a joint discussion. No answer has been received to the challenge.

James Bertram of Hamilton, Ont., 81 years of age, unable to get work, made a dagger out of a file and committed suicide by plunging it into his heart.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is said to contemplate converting her San Francisco residence into a fine art gallery and museum for the benefit of the public.

As a mark of confidence in the French government all the amendments to the press bill aimed at the suppression of anarchy have been rejected by majorities ranging from 82 to 127.

Two miles east of Eufaula, I. T., Samuel Checota and Billy Narcome, two Creek Indians, shot and instantly killed Frank Hawkins. A reward of $300 was offered for his body.

The evicted tenants bill has passed its second reading in the British house of commons by a vote of 299 to 267.

* * *

John Bush shot George Vances fatally at Dewitt, Ia. They are attaches of Howe & Cushing's circus.

Martin V. Ward, cashier of the Valley Falls, Kan., Bank of Deposit, killed himself. No cause for the act is known.

Wilson, with his Montana division of the Coxey army, diminished to nine members, reached Davenport, Ia.

The 7-year-old daughter of Jacob Rigger at Huntington, Ills., was terribly and it is thought fatally injured in an attack from a vicious dog.

An unknown man made a bold attempt to burn Jeffersonville, Ind. Flames were extinguished before much damage was done.

Isaac Clumber of Lima, O., while drunk, attacked his wife. She chopped him up fatally with a hatchet.

Douglas Triflet of Brazil, Ind., died on a Union Pacific train, near Sterling, Col., of consumption.

* * *

Tropical heat prevails in Berlin and many deaths from sunstroke have been reported. The heat at Vienna is excessive. Many persons have died from sunstroke.

Henry Niehus, 17 years old, was run run over and instantly killed by a Monon freight train at Lafayette, Ind.

John H. Bryant, brother of the late William Cullen Bryant, celebrated his 87th birthday at Princeton, Ills.

A forty-acre field of wheat on the Petit farm near Wabash, Ind., was burned by catching fire from a locomotive spark. Loss, $1,500.

At Fond du Lac, Wis., Miss Mamie Coyne, a Western Union telegraph operator, and David Abera, also of Fond du Lac, were drowned in Green lake.

The Mosquito Indians near Bluefields, Nicaragua, it is now alleged, are going to ask Uncle Sam's protection against Nicaragua.

George Imler, a farmer near Fort Wayne, Ind., threw a club at a cow, but missed the animal and hit his wife, crushing her skull.

The Powers-Harwood syndicate bought the Ibex mine in Millard county, Utah, for $155,000. The syndicate will erect a smelter at Oasis, Utah.

George Trowbridge has sold his house at Wilmington, Ills., to the Woman's Relief of Illinois for a home for old soldiers and their wives.

The Kentucky Midland railroad has been levied on for taxes due the city of Frankfort, and no trains are being run.

At the international conference of textile workers at Manchester, England, it was resolved to invite the governments of Europe and America to adopt measures legalizing eight hours as a day's work.

The Indianapolis police began a crusade against the slot machines used for gambling purposes by arresting T. K. Igoe, a cigar dealer, and Albert R. Austin, who played the machine and won five cigars.

Fred Taylor, living near Mount Vernon, Ills., was struck by and killed by lightning.

Freight Brakeman William Forest was run over at Cable, Wis., while switching cars. Both legs were crushed.

* * *

Striking coal miners at Glen Campbell, Pa., attacked the deputies, but were driven away. The sheriff threatened to call for troops.

Joseph Rowell and Clarence Dawson, two young men, were drowned in the Ohio river near Mount Vernon, Ind., while bathing.

A dynamite bomb was thrown at a non-union cokeworker's house at Connellsville, Pa., but struck a tree.

The United States revenue cutter McLane seized six more Spanish vessels off Aulote, Fla. They were engaged in smuggling.

The firemen on the Wyoming division of the Union Pacific road are being discharged for their part in the recent strike. Some engineers and conductors are being dismissed also.

The northern districts of Mississippi were swept by a fierce hailstorm, causing great destruction to crops.

Mrs. Ella Wellington, aged 31 years, committed suicide in Denver, Colo., by blowing her brains out. Her suicide is attributed to melancholy caused by separation from her children, who are being educated in Boston.

Whole Family Helped

"My husband was troubled with Rheumatism so that he could hardly lift his hand to his head, and also had severe pains in his stomach after eating. Four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured him. Our son was all run down and Hood's Sarsaparilla built him up, and he gained 15 lbs. Our little boy Leon has also been given appetite, weight and strength by the medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of Erysipelas, which I have had for 15 years and which is now entirely driven out of my system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Since taking Hood's I am better in every way." MRS. H. K. JOHNSON, Lyme Centre, N. H.

Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LIFE OF THE TWO BROTHERS IN THE CAVERN.

Next morning in fine spirits we both rose early and after breakfast commenced rolling such bowlders as we could set in motion in the direction of Curry's Window. We worked hard till dinner and went at the work again shortly afterward, not desisting till we were hardly able to stir from fatigue. At supper Jack said: "I fear, Ned, that our task is a bigger one than I anticipated. We have now got to Curry's Window nearly all the bowlders that you and I together can remove." I poohpoohed Jack's low spirited view of the situation. I was so delighted with the novelty of everything I could not even for a moment harbor such thoughts. That we two could not almost as soon as we chose climb out at Curry's Window or in some other way escape triumphantly out of our prison I utterly refused to believe. If it were not for the sorrow of our people at home, which I knew must be great and heartbreaking, I would have been as happy as any one could be. It was all so like what might be read in a famous boys' story book, and yet it was all true. Here we were both immured in our vast cavern, amid strange echoes and reverberations, in a huge darkness faintly lit by the light of our fire, with our seals, like Elijah's ravens, bringing us food. It was all so strange and interesting. At first I was obliged to keep well out of view of the seals, who after the first alarm gradually became accustomed to my presence, though it was several days before I ventured to show myself, and it was then only by slow degrees that I could get them to tolerate me. They were very susceptible to music. I saw from their motions that they liked my whistling better. Jack was displeased at this, or I thought he was, so I forbore and took every opportunity of alluding to the extraordinary affection which subsisted between them. At the end of the second day we had shifted to Curry's Window every movable bowlder, yet the top of the heap was still a great distance from the window. We could not pile one stone on the top of another, owing to their smoothness and roundness. The base of this pile had to be made broad. We had to use for the pediment many of our precious stones. With our two fishing rods, or rather the butts of them, the bones of the sheep and the scanty bits of sound timber found in the cave, we proposed now to make a ladder, but soon dismissed that notion. The ladder would have been much too short for our purpose, as we found after a very careful calculation. "I fear you are right, Jack," I said at last one evening as we sat ruminating by the fire. "Tomorrow we must begin cutting steps in the rock. It is too bad to think that all your labor was thrown away." Those first steps that Jack cut were now useless, being covered by the bowlder stones.

"There is a better plan than that," said he. "In the lesser cavern there is one fine beam of timber, which is quite sound when you get to the depth of two or three inches. It is far too heavy for us to roll into the water, but we might cut it into movable lengths and get the piece through the tunnel. I think that is our plan, but it will be long and hard work, for the beam is mahogany." We agreed to adopt that plan and to set to work in the morning. I, for my own part, made a proposition of a different kind. It was to send out a message attached to one of the seals. After a little consultation we hit upon a good way of doing so. To write a letter was easy enough. I had paper, a bit of pointed stick, a hard fiber of seaweed, anything at all indeed, would do for a pen, and our own veins supply the ink. But how send this letter out attached to a seal and at the same time preserve it from the water and render it conspicuous and noticeable to any one observing the letter carrier. We were not long in discovering the right plan. Jack had carefully preserved every portion of that unfortunate sheep which might be put to any conceivable purpose. The bones, such of them as were not still enveloped in mutton, were in a place by themselves. The entrails, dried and twisted, were now strong cords. Among the other relics of the sheep he had preserved the bladder. It was just the thing for our purpose. We would put our letter into the bladder, blow it out, bind the mouth of it firmly with twine and attach the bladder to our seal. So the letter would be preserved from the action of the water, and any one seeing our seal would see also the bladder floating behind him when he rose to the surface. The seal would in that case be certainly pursued till shot. Jack, who was very sentimental, and indeed naturally so, about his herd of seals, did not quite like the plan, but finally consented to the immolation of one. We selected a seal called No Good. He was tame enough, but so far as Jack and myself were concerned a bad fisherman. In fact, he could never be taught to bring in a fish at all, though being young he was one of the liveliest of our herd. This unproductive member of the family was selected to be the bearer of our letter. Next morning we wrote our letter and fastened the bladder to one of No Good's legs, leaving a length of about two feet of sheep gut between the bladder and his leg. We now dismissed No Good and proceeded to carry our other purpose into execution. There was now no necessity for repeating that toilsome operation by which Jack had formerly kindled a fire in his parlor if it were possible, for indeed he had exhausted his materials. I had in my pockets some lucifer matches. Two or three of these we selected, and binding them up tightly in Jack's purse we stripped and took to the water, Jack going first. Waiting for a few minutes till he should be quite clear of the tunnel, I followed, not indeed without unpleasant qualms, for it was an ugly business, and though I could swim and dive as well as my brother I was not at all so brave, stout hearted and determined as he was. Indeed I have never met any one so fearless as he was. On this occasion my heart failed me, and after groping in the cave for a few seconds I came out again as I had gone in. Then I said to myself, "If I do not get through soon, Jack, suspecting some accident, will return, and we may meet in the tunnel with disastrous consequences." Making up my mind fully to get through this time, I dived again and was quite surprised to find how easy the business really was. I came up, of course, in dense darkness and shouted, "All right!" I heard some one cry: "Swim this way. I will lend you a hand." Soon I was helped onto the rocky shore, and when we had collected some timber and dried our hands we struck the matches and lit a fire. When

We fastened the bladder to one of No Good's legs.

I, for my own part, had sated my curiosity by exploring the parlor, we both set to work upon the great beam and began to cut from it such a length as we thought we could roll into the water, and found it, as Jack had predicted, very slow work indeed. In spite of the fire at which we repeatedly warmed ourselves, we soon grew cold. "This won't do at all," Jack said. "If we are to do a good day's work here, we must swim in with our clothes on, dry them at the fire, then dress ourselves and work comfortably." We returned as we came, dressed ourselves, dived again through the tunnel, and after drying our clothes and putting them on worked with our knives at the beam for the rest of that day. We then covered up the embers in ashes, returned to the big cave and dined. That night we determined to quite shift our quarters, at least for the present, and to remove some of our food into the parlor. This we did next day, taking with us a good deal of mutton and bread. We brought through the bread easily enough—viz, by making a bag with the sheep's skin and tying it up so tightly as to be quite waterproof. On the previous day we had been rather surprised to find that the seals seemed quite as fond of our society in our new quarters as in the old. There were one or two of them sporting in the dark water beside us all day as we worked. Though Jack, using all his most effective gestures and phrases, continued to impress upon them that they should get us fish, they did not do so. Our new and strange condition and the absence, I suppose, of Scamp from the scene had interrupted the association of ideas which my brother had with so much trouble succeeded in establishing in their minds. We therefore determined to bring Scamp in too. Jack unloosed the fellow for the first time. His delight was unmeasured, and so much did he relish his freedom that during the greater part of that day we were unable to capture him again. Eventually we succeeded and had the satisfaction later on of finding his parents bring him a fine codling, only a portion of which was their son permitted to devour. Of course the moment we seized Scamp we proceeded at once to secure him and compel him to make his "lodging on the cold ground." Here, then, we continued for four days, industriously cutting our way into the heart of the big mahogany beam, each of us working at his own notch. We now saw our way clearly to escape. This great beam of timber was amply sufficient for our needs, but we also saw that the cutting and preparation of it would take a long time. We foresaw, too, some difficulty in getting the pieces through the flooded tunnel, but imagined we had a promising method of working out the problem.

No Good still continued to appear in the pool, with the bladder floating behind him, a comical sight, at which we often laughed. I have seen No Good chasing it round and round the pool for half an hour at a time, like a kitten chasing his tail, but we had foreseen the danger which this pastime suggested and had tied it in such a manner that he never got his teeth within a foot of it. We attached little importance to No Good and his mission. We knew that we would get out, and that it was all now a question of time, provided, of course, that we did not fall sick or meet with any unforeseen accident.

CHAPTER XXX.

HOME AGAIN—EDWARD FREEMAN'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

One morning I was awakened by a loud noise of thumping and the swish swash of rushing water. I knew the significance of this. There was wild weather abroad, and we here, though far from the outer turmoil, were experiencing the effects. Jack was still asleep. I got up, fed the fire with fresh timber and sat on the edge of the pool contemplating the agitation of the dark water and listening to the strange and rather horrible noises which it made echoing in the long, high and winding cave behind me, the mouth of which opened upon this pool. All our seals were here in a row. No Good was among them, with his caudal, or crural, ornament hanging down gracefully behind him and occasionally whirled about by the water. "We are prisoners here now," I said to myself, "for it would be decidedly dangerous to attempt the tunnel with the water rushing through it at this rate."

After awhile Jack awoke, and when we had breakfasted and played with our friends we went again at our work. We had now three good, movable pieces of timber, which only needed to be cut smooth at each end so that one might stand on the top of another, to be ready for the escalading of Curry's Window. All that day the agitation of the water continued and grew momentarily more violent. Had we wished to do so it would have been utterly impossible for us to traverse the tunnel. In the afternoon the monotony was interrupted somewhat by the reappearance of No Good minus his appendage. The bladder was gone. That being so, we perceived how desirable it was that we should return to the big cavern as soon as possible. Our bladder might be picked up at any moment; consequently at any moment a search party might descend into the big cavern. What would they think if they did not find us there? They would never suspect the existence of this second cave, the avenue to which was at all times flooded. It was on that very evening that Mr. Watkins and his nephews picked up our letter. As it was certain death, however, in the present condition of the water to attempt the tunnel, we quietly worked on at the big beam and spent the day smoothing the ends of those pieces which we had separated. After a week or ten days the onter storm had evidently abated, but the agitation of the water was still too great to permit us to get through the tunnel. At last, one morning, when we awoke, we found that the agitation had almost subsided. This day we resolved to bring our logs through. We rolled one of them to the water's edge, and having made it fast with a cord gently pushed it into the water. We feared that it might sink, in which case we intended to partly buoy it up by turning our sheepskin into a bladder and fastening it to the log. The log, however, swam, and our next task was to cause it to sink just sufficiently to come on a level with the mouth of that submarine tunnel, so that we might draw it through into the great cavern. This task we accomplished by tying to it small stones as sinkers. To make a long story short, we succeeded that day in bringing all our short logs through and rolled them up upon the shore of the seals' pool in the great cavern, but it was a very laborious job.

About half that work was accomplished when we made an important discovery—viz, that a search party had been in the cave during the time that we were weather bound. In our provision cranny I found the hamper of sandwiches and the flask of brandy. I recognized at once Mr. Watkins' flask. We did not know till afterward that he and his men had been twice in the cave, once the day after the disappearance of No Good's appendage and a second time three days subsequently. Though we thought it quite possible that they might visit it again, we did not relax our exertions. Next day we rolled the logs to Curry's Window. Though we rolled them for greater convenience, we had taken care to make most of them light enough to be raised by our united strength and some light enough to be raised by one of us alone, the reason of which will be apparent presently. The sandwiches, some of ham and some of beef, were very welcome, though the bread was rather stale. The brandy, too, though neither of us cared in the least for strong drink, was in our present exhausted condition very welcome. In short, we ate, drank and were merry that night, and sang songs, too, making the echoes ring. We certainly did not drink too much brandy and water, at least I hope not. It was the near approach of liberty which made us so festive, though no doubt the strong drink, to which we were almost quite unaccustomed, somewhat contributed. Jack had not smoked since I joined him. He had about an inch of Limerick twist still left, which he often brought out and gazed at affectionately, but did not use. He said he was reserving it till some time when he might really need the stimulus of tobacco. I was a nonsmoker myself then. Would that I could say the same now! Indeed I have a wretched pipe in my mouth as I write these lines.

We rose next morning early and breakfasted in high spirits. This day we said that we would be free. We came to Curry's Window. There, on the highest of the bowlder stones, which we had already heaped there, we set up one of our big logs, making it quite firm about the base by the insertion and even the ramming home of seaweed. We had to be cautious, for if afterward our ladder might happen to topple over the fall would be fatal. Upon the top of this first log we put a second in such a manner that a man might step from the first to the second. This was effected by inserting seaweed behind the first log, causing it to stand out from the rocky incline to the distance of about three-quarters of a foot. The base of the second log touched the rock, but its top in a similar manner we caused to stand back by means of seaweed. In this way we proposed to make our ladder, or rather our stairs. When completed, we hoped to be able to step up to Curry's Window almost as easily as one might go up stairs in a house. The necessity of making the ends of these blocks quite smooth and level, to which I have already referred, can be now perceived. Each log had to rest evenly on the head of the one below it. When our stairs had reached a certain height, Jack went up, and I handed him the smaller blocks, which he proceeded to manipulate and adjust with seaweed in the manner which I have described. It was a little after 12 when our stairs were completed. Then, with a cheer which awoke a thousand rumbling echoes through the vast cavern and along the corridors, we hastened back to the seals' pool and joyfully broiled our last dinner there. Then we unloosed Scamp and had a final farewell to all the seals. Indeed I myself felt a sort of regret at parting with them, though my acquaintance with the gentle and affectionate creatures was so recent, but Jack fairly—well, it is no matter. In time we bade farewell to the seals, and putting up the few things we had to bring with us and the butt ends of our fishing rods, in order to steady us in our return along the face of the cliff, ascended the stairs, congratulating each other on the excellence of our handiwork, and together stood in Curry's Window contemplating the great sea, which at the moment was flashing in the sunlight. Jack's face was literally as bright as that sunlit sea. We made our way carefully along the little ledge. Indeed I may as well say that I went carefully, for Jack, who had now been for months stepping about among the bowlders of the cave, was as sure footed as a goat. In due time we came to that yawning cleft which ever since the days of old Curry, the smuggler, had repelled men from traversing this cliff. Jack sprang across without a moment's hesitation. It was a big leap indeed, but the leap back was not so appalling as the leap forward, for there was plenty of foothold on the Dhu-Corrig side of the chasm. As we drew nigh to Melody's cabin that worthy, who had been released from jail, issued huge in the little bright doorway and behind him his young hopeful, that illustrious young scholar, Dannie. Big Melody, who, I thought, was devoid of all amiable human instincts, actually wept, and the illustrious Dannie ran off to the village, roaring like a little bull: "Master Jack is found! The two of them is found!" All the village people and a great many of the country people, who had been celebrating the eve of the great festival in the public house—Johnnie Melville's, if that is any matter—ran to meet us, so that it was at the head of a great procession that we reached the rectory. Needless to say that my father, though strongly averse to such practices, made no objection when Jack proposed to send to Johnnie Melville's for a barrel of porter. It was broached on the lawn under torchlight and then emptied. As every one was teasing us about our place of concealment, Jack announced that he would make a speech and tell them all together of our adventures. Accordingly, as soon as he had changed his clothes—those in which he had re-

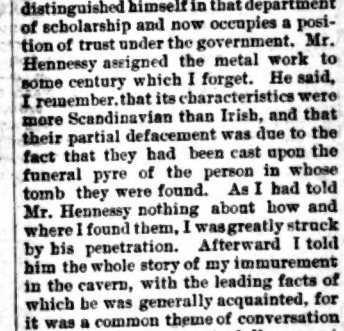
All the village people ran to meet us.

turned were mere rags—he mounted a chair on the lawn and told the whole story as shortly as he could. When he had finished, my father addressed the people and ended with a prayer, at which all the people, though perhaps in anything but a prayerful humor, reverently bared their heads. Most of them were Roman Catholics, but this was in the predisestablishment days, when the relations between Protestant clergymen and their Roman Catholic parishioners were less strained and strange than I have been informed they are now.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JOHN FREEMAN CONCLUDES HIS STORY.

My story is nearly ended. Next day Ned and Mr. Watkins and myself descended into the "Devil's Parlor." We took with us a rock drill, blasting powder, a fuse and a portmanteau. The reader will probably guess our purpose. It was to break open the tomb of old Curry and appropriate his treasures. I may have had some fear of the ghost, but not enough to prevent me from rifling his tomb. We bored, charged and blasted into fragments the big stone which debarred entrance to the little nook where his ashes lay, thereby destroying, as I have been since told, what was perhaps an important archæological relic. The fragments, however, are no doubt there still, waiting for the Royal Irish academy or some other learned body to appropriate them. Rushing back as soon as the explosion was over, we discovered by the light of our candles behind the place where the slab stood a broken earthen pot and a great quantity of ashes and charred bones. Mingled with these we only found certain metal work—a few of gold, but the greater part of silver and bronze—all much defaced and injured seemingly by the action of fire, but on each side of the heap of bones, ashes and metal work we found two smaller vases unbroken and filled each of them to brim with many rings of gold. There was a third broken, but evidently charged in the same manner, for the rings lay about in a heap mingled with sherds. This crock was placed opposite the pot containing the ashes. The rock behind the latter pot had been planed or chiseled to a flat surface, and upon this were certain marks, but nothing in the nature of writing. All the gold and metal work we tumbled into the portmanteau, locked it and conveyed it to the entrance. My seals were not in evidence this day. Before leaving the cave on Christmas eve I had released Scamp and given him a final kiss. How long my seals continued to haunt the cave I cannot tell. They forgot me, I dare say, sooner than I could forget them. Though it is now 40 years since the occurrences which I have described, I believe I would rather shoot a man than a seal. I sold most of my treasure trove in Dublin in the ensuing February. After giving Ned a present out of the proceeds, I had exactly £1,155 15s. over, which I straightway banked. I never finished my college course. In the following summer, yielding to the solicitations of a maternal uncle, I sailed for Australia. I am now a sheep farmer in the county of New Yorkshire, Victoria, and though I cannot say that I have cattle on a thousand hills I have many thousands of sheep on plains. My dear brother Ned joined me in the succeeding summer. He was doing well as a sheepmaster, but tired of the life. He is now a journalist in western Aus-



Rifling Curry's Tomb.

tralia, and so far as I can judge, for the paper which he both owns and edits comes to me regularly, writes very well indeed. From certain signs and tokens I believe that the poetry which adorns it is his own. Little Charley, though he threatened at one time to join the Church of Rome, is now, I am glad to say, a low church clergyman and rector of the parish of Hugriminton in the shire of Essex and maintains manfully in those parts the sound doctrine of salvation by faith only. With regard to the apparition, I have to add the following: Some of the more interesting metal work I showed to a college chum, who told me that he had a friend, who was well up in antiquities, who would be able to tell us all about them. His friend's name was Hennessy. I forget his Christian name. [A distinguished Gaelic scholar, translator of "The Annals of Locke Ce" and of the annals of Ulster: died a few years ago.] He is a gentleman who, I understand, has since distinguished himself in that department of scholarship and now occupies a position of trust under the government. Mr. Hennessy assigned the metal work to some century which I forget. He said, I remember, that its characteristics were more Scandinavian than Irish, and that their partial defacement was due to the fact that they had been cast upon the funeral pyre of the person in whose tomb they were found. As I had told Mr. Hennessy nothing about how and where I found them, I was greatly struck by his penetration. Afterward I told him the whole story of my immurement in the cavern, with the leading facts of which he was generally acquainted, for it was a common theme of conversation at the time, and a pretty full account had appeared not long before in the Saunders News Letter. When I came to describe the personal appearance and dress of the ghost, he was greatly surprised and interested and told me that the dress was that of an antique Irish warrior. He took from a drawer a certain Irish manuscript and read out for me, translating as he went along, three or four passages, in which the appearance of the costume of ancient Irish warriors was described, and which quite supported his view. He said that the metal which I have described as being like gold, but brighter, was an amalgam of tin and copper, a species of bronze, the secret of whose manufacture has since been lost, and that the eyes in the ghost's brooch, which looked like glass, but were not so bright as glass, were probably of that substance which in Ireland is called "Kerry diamond." He was very much impressed by the whole of my story about the ghost, and so far from treating it lightly was very serious indeed and said many times that it was marvelous—and marvelous indeed it was, be the explanation what it may. When I spoke of Curry's Window, he stopped me and asked whether I was sure that the fisherman had pronounced the word as I had pronounced it. "A great deal," he said, "in investigating antiquities and the significance of names depends on the exact pronunciation." I said that he had not, and that it was for convenience's sake I had pronounced it so; that the fisherman had pronounced it something like Coorer. He seemed greatly pleased and interested in this. He told me then that this was the name of the sea god of the southern and western Irish in the pre-Christian ages, and that in the still extant literature there was a large variety of stories relating to this being. After the introduction and spread of Christianity in the country the pagan deities began to be regarded as evil beings, usually as piasts, or great water serpents. This seems probable and will help to explain the singular story told to Mr. Watkins by one of the islanders, which story, as my editor informs me, he has taken from the correspondence of that gentleman and intends to publish along with my narrative.

THE END.

THE WAY IT GOES.

When it's spring, you catch a cold;
Summer time, you're meltin;
When it's winter, wood is scarce—
Sleet and snow a-peltin.

When you've got the cash in view,
Plenty to befriend you;
When you need a dime or two,
Not a soul to lend you!

When you're on the mountain top,
Telescopes to spy you;
When into the ditch you drop,
Whole world passes by you!

Ain't a bit o' use to fret—
Take it as you find it;
Best world that you've been in yet—
Laugh and never mind it!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Hopper Spins a "Pinafore" Yarn.

Some years ago, when the "Pinafore" craze was at its height, the actor who impersonated Sir Joseph Porter during a production of that opera at the Varieties theater, New Orleans, had a makeup which transformed him into an exact facsimile of Admiral Murray of the United States navy, who was then stationed at New Orleans. One night an old salt of Murray's command was sitting in the front row of the gallery. When Sir Joseph Porter made his first entrance, he gazed upon him for a moment as if doubting the evidence of his senses, and then muttered to himself sotto voce, "I'm blest if that isn't old Murray."

Rising from his seat and making a sea scrape, he called out, "Good day, your honor." The special officer was going to eject him, but the manager of the house, who had observed him, forbade it and told the officer to let the old fellow enjoy himself to his heart's content so long as he did not become so boisterous as to disturb the performance.

Whenever Sir Joseph came on or went off the stage, the old salt would rise and honor him with a salute, and after the fall of the curtain he proposed and gave three cheers for Admiral Murray. A naval lieutenant who was present subsequently told me that when the old fellow went on board his ship next day he had to be put in irons for refusing to obey an order from his superior officer unless that functionary would follow the example of the gallant captain of the "Pinafore" and say, "If you please."—De Wolf Hopper in New York Herald.

Handel's Plagiarisms.

As a plagiarist Handel claims special attention. Other men's musical ideas crowded upon his receptive mind as lavishly as did his own, and he seems to have turned them very largely to account. A later age, with a more scrutinizing eye and analytical craze than his own, has discovered that Handel has justly entitled himself to the reputation of being a musical pirate, as bold and barefaced as was ever abroad. He did not merely borrow ideas—he lifted whole movements en bloc.

One charge will suffice, although Erba, Stradella, Colonna and others have all been laid under contribution. When in 1743 a grateful nation returned thanks for the battle of Dettingen, Handel provided a "Te Deum," presumably of his own composition. It has been discovered, however, that the composition is mainly the music of a "Te Deum" by Urio, who was a chapel master in Venice in the seventeenth century.

No less than nine movements in the "Dettingen Te Deum" and six in "Saul" are "cribs" of an amazing and audacious nature for Urio's work. What induced Handel to thus appropriate and palm off as his own other men's work no one has discovered. It is a great blot on an otherwise honorable artistic career and is the less excusable because it must have been even less trouble for him to write an original movement than to copy one.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Lightning Dissipators.

A good many years ago some one advanced the idea that a wire netting spread over the roof of a house and properly anchored in good conducting soil is an effectual bar to injury by lightning. The claim is that there is what is called a state of electrical stress. This is broken by the flash that descends through an electric air column that extends from the clouds to the earth. By the use of copper latticework, with upright points placed upon roofs, the electric current is attracted, carried through the metal conductors and safely conveyed into the earth without doing any injury whatever. It is, however, of the utmost importance that the anchorage be of the proper sort, as upon this depends the safety of the dwelling.—New York Ledger.

Tea and Coffee as Food.

M. Stanislaus Martin states that, as the result of an experiment on three different criminals sentenced to death who accepted the scientific trial in preference to hanging. No. 1, nourished exclusively on tea, lived three years, and then died. He had become almost a skeleton and was in a transparent condition. No. 2, on coffee, died in two years, burned as if an interior fire had calcined him. No. 3 lived on chocolate for eight months and died in a very advanced state of rottenness, as it were, devoured by worms.—London Lancet.

One of the most startling unanticipated replies on record was that of a young lady versed in all present day attainments, who, in reply to an address, "I want a person of some experience in the nursery—do you know much about children?" cheerfully retorted, "Oh, dear, yes; I've dissected a baby."

Every great literary work has been followed by a host of imitations. After the publication of the "Faerie Queen" the press was deluged with fairy stories, as after Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" hundreds of similar works appeared.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 4, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"New Blood."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

KAISER WILHELM BELIEVES IN THE BAYONET.

The young German emperor is a man of original thought, even if he is sometimes described as eccentric. Few members of the martial House of Hohenzollern could justly escape that description. Frederick the Great's father, and Frederick himself, were remarkable for their eccentricities, but Frederick's genius was so dazzling that it completely hid his failings. Next to Napoleon, he was the greatest general of modern times. In some respects he was equal to the mighty Corsican, and in one, at least, he surpassed him. Frederick had a faculty of rising superior to defeat, which more than once saved his throne from destruction and Prussia from annihilation. He could not be discouraged, and, in a comparatively open country, he repeatedly baffled the thronging armies of Austria, France and Russia. His capital was once occupied by a hostile army during the Seven Years' War, but that circumstance, which might have paralyzed the energies of an inferior general, only spurred the genius of the great Prussian to still grander flights. Frederick the Great's military history is one of the most inspiring chapters in the annals of the world.

Well, young Emperor William, notwithstanding far-reaching arms of precision, and death-dealing devices of a character truly appalling to the average human being, believes that the day of the bayonet, which has now been in use for, at least, two centuries, is not yet passed. We are told by a German authority that "in addition to various improvements and innovations introduced, or about to be introduced, in the infantry of the Prussian army, with a view to lightening the equipment of the infantry soldier, and due to the personal initiative of the Emperor, the question of the reintroduction of a light bayonet has been finally settled, and the adoption of the new arm decided upon in principle. The trials which for some time have been going on among various infantry detachments were undertaken in order to test the practicability of the arrangement for fixing the bayonets to the rifle in future during drill, sentinel duty, target practice, and in engagements, an exception being made on marches, when the bayonet will be carried in a sheath at the side. Thus, in spite of the magazine rifle and quick-firing guns, the bayonet is still to be of necessary use for the infantry, and hand-to-hand fighting in modern warfare is still regarded as a possible contingency by the German military authorities. A number of commanding generals, however, pronounced some time ago in favor of the abolition of 'bayonet charges as no longer corresponding with modern tactics and improved weapons. The Emperor, on the other hand, holds, it is stated, a contrary view, and regards the re-introduction of the bayonet as necessary to render the infantry more effective in the same way as the power of the cavalry has been increased by the supply of lances among all the mounted regiments."

It is pretty well authenticated that bayonets were crossed during our Civil War not more than half a dozen times, and then only by troops who came accidentally, as it were, to close quarters. Old Wellington used the bayonet to greater advantage than, perhaps, any European general. This was because his Irish troops were simply invincible when wielding that weapon, and, unfortunately, his army was, to the extent of one half, made up of Irishmen. The charges of the Eighty-seventh, or Faugh-a-Ballagh, regiment at Busaco, and of the Eighty-eighth, Connacht Rangers, at Fuentes d'Onoro, have been immortalized by Napier and Maxwell. When Wellington and his staff viewed the formidable breach at Badajos, before the assault, Col. Napier said, his opinion being asked, "If it is to be done at all, it must be with the bayonet." And so it was. No British or Portugese soldier, who participated in the storming of Badajos, was allowed to fire a shot until after the great and little breaches were won. This was accomplished only after the Connacht Rangers had scaled the castle of St. Vincent, and turned the flank of the gallant French, who made a defense memorable in history. In the Crimean war, too, the British and the Russians frequently crossed bayonets, and the rugged soldiers of the White Czar showed themselves no mean hands at the business. But it is really astonishing at this day, that the monarch of one of the first among military nations should deem the bayonet worth preserving, when men can stand off and kill each other with small arms at a distance of a couple of miles! With due respect for the martial sagacity of the young Emperor, we are forced to conclude that he considers the bayonet ornamental rather than useful. The effect of the sun on a mass of shining bayonets is always imposing, and an infantry column deprived of this antiquated weapon, fixed on the muzzles of their rifles, would suffer greatly in theatrical effect.

ABOUT PAPER SUPPLY.

Some of our European contemporaries are becoming rather alarmed for the future paper supply in the old world. They fear a failure of the fundamental ingredient. A foreign exchange deals with the matter in this wise:

"Nowadays when paper is pressed into the service in the manufacture of such a multitudinous variety of articles, the question of the future supply of paper for the printing press is becoming a serious one. The great staple of paper is pulp made of wood, and upward of eighty per cent. of the whole of the paper used for periodical literature has this material as its basis. The enormous amount of wood used in this way every year may be judged from the fact that the *Petit Journal*, which has a circulation of over a million copies a day, and is printed on wood pulp paper, consumes in a twelvemonth 120,000 fir trees of an average height of 66 feet. This is equivalent to the annual thinning of 25,000 acres of forest. This enormous amount of wood is required to form the raw material for a single paper! In Sweden, Austria, and Germany, the great centers of the production of wood pulp, the question of the destruction of forests is becoming a serious one; so serious, indeed, that unless some new material comes into use before long the printing press will eat up the forests of Europe."

ROSSA'S DUBLIN DEFEAT.

Whosoever advised O'Donovan Rossa to strive for the city marshalship of Dublin, before the municipal council, was not his leal friend. The Irish capital had just given the exile a splendid reception—one of the finest in its history—when the devil, or some devilskin, envying his happy state, induced him to become a candidate for the marshalship, which, at best, is not a particularly dignified office. Irish enthusiasm, although brilliant and burning while it lasts, seldom results in any thing practical in politics. New York, when Rossa was released from British thraldom and landed in that city, gave him a roaring, rousing welcome, but when he dared to run for office against the virtuous Boss Tweed he was beautifully and completely sat down upon, by his own fellow countrymen in particular. They resented a newcomer's ambition for the flesh pots of Manhattan, even if he had put in a dozen years or so in British penitentiaries picking oakum and wheeling loads of stone for having attempted to break the English fetters off the limbs of Ireland. Now Dublin, which also yelled itself hoarse for him on his return from "exile," has treated him with equal cruelty—that is if the municipal council of that city fairly represents popular opinion. Even Rossa's presence on the scene could not save him from disaster. He might better have remained away.

Oh, fatal lack of judgment! But yesterday the idol, sentimentally, of the Irish masses, and to-day, well, to-day—a man who may well exclaim, "Save me from my friends!" THE CITIZEN is exceedingly sorry for Rossa—sorry that his wisdom is not on a par with his patriotism. No doubt the successful candidate for the marshalship, Mr. W. E. Clancy, was one of those who exuberantly welcomed Rossa to Dublin, but he drew the line practically between patriotism and politics. And Dublin, too, is an anti-Whig constituency, which makes the defeat of Rossa all the more conspicuous and significant. His candidacy was the coronal blunder of his career. Knowing the Irish temper as he does, he must have been temporarily deranged to provoke it against him in a matter of practical politics. At the same time we cannot recognize justice or decency in the abuse hurled upon him by certain Irish papers. They might well leave that dirty work to Rossa's implacable English enemies.

The Dublin papers give the following official list of candidates for the marshalship: John P. Arkins, 91 Leinster road, Rathmines; James Brady, solicitor, 3 Palace street, Dublin; David Breen, superintendent, wholesale fish and vegetable market; Richard Burke, sword bearer Dublin corporation, 10 Merchants' quay; Eustace B. Burnaby, lieutenant-colonel and mace bearer London corporation, Brampton Manor House, Huntingdon; William B. Carroll, 6 Hope terrace, Clontarf; William E. Clancy, 33 Upper Ormond quay, Dublin; James Collins, Convent View, Drumcondra; Jos. Kavanagh, 5 St. Bridget's avenue, North Strand; Pat Kinsella, 50 Great Brunswick street, Dublin; Abraham Lyon, 38 Dame street; James Macken, 82 and 83 Polbeg street; Richard J. Maher, 7 Johnston's court, Grafton street; P. J. Murphy, 26 Wexford street; John J. Mulvany, 4 Oxford road, Dublin; John Barry O'Callaghan, 75 Lower Gardiner street, Dublin; Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, Costigan's Hotel, Upper Sackville street; U. P. O'Gorman, lieutenant-colonel half pay list, Grange Bank, Shanklin, Isle of Wight; Henry P. O'Sullivan, Old Cabra House, Cabra; Jeremiah Perry, solicitor, 17 Fleet street, Dublin; John Wyse Power, 19 Westland row, Dublin; Florence Joseph Ratcliffe, 4 North Great Charles street, Dublin; John Reilly, town councillor, 60 Mary street; Joseph Robinson, 61 Waterloo road, Dublin; P. C. Roche, 22 Belvidere place, Dublin; Edward A. Sheridan, 33 and 34 Parliament street, Dublin; Thomas Stuart, Commercial buildings, Dublin; William P. Swan, 9 William street; Humphrey L. Webb, captain and quartermaster, Island bridge barracks.

The first ballot resulted as follows: Clancy, 12; Reilley, 8; Webb, 8; Rossa, 3; Perry, 3; Power, 2; Murphy, 5; Burke, 1; Stuart, 2; Brien, 1; Carroll, 2; Kavanagh, 3; Macken, 1; O'Callaghan, 3; Robinson, 2; Sheridan 1; Maher, 1.

The result of the second ballot was: Clancy, 29; Webb, 8; Reilly, 20, and Mr. Clancy was declared elected. We are told by the same authority that at the conclusion of the proceedings a large crowd assembled outside the council chamber and cheered Rossa when he appeared, thereafter accompanying him to his hotel. Less cheering and more votes would have been much more acceptable to the defeated candidate.

THE IRISH NATIONAL CELEBRATION.

The preparations for the great Irish National Demonstration to be held at Ogden Grove on Aug. 15 have been completed, and the committee expect a larger gathering this year than on any previous occasion. The Hon. A. L. Morrison will arrive from Santa Fe, N.M., a day or two before the event, and he and his distinguished co-orator, O'Neill Ryan, will be met by the reception committee and accorded the hospitality of the United Irish Societies. Addresses will be delivered also by Messrs. Francis Agnew, W. H. Joyce, M. P. Brady, Miles Kehoe, M. V. Gannon and P. B. Flanagan. There will be a magnificent display of fireworks at the conclusion of the evening exercises.

THE DECREPID ANGLO-SAXONS.

The English Tory papers, which are often faithfully copied by a certain section of the American press, attribute the multiplicity of strikes in this country to the domination of "the Irish." Now everybody, or nearly everybody, knows that the strike is an English invention, and that of all strikers the Englishman is the most persistent. The leaders of strikes in America have not been Irishmen, and the vast majority of the strikers are not of Irish birth or origin. Even if they were, it is not for English editors to blame them on account of following ancient English example. The English should not forget that one of their number, Sam Fielden, came "within an ace" of being hanged in this city for complicity in the anarchist conspiracy and riot of 1886, and that Englishmen are always prominent in America as socialist labor leaders. Some Irish are, undoubtedly, agitators for labor reform, and they have a right to be. There is nothing reprehensible in their attitude. As a rule, the conservators of the peace in this country are Irishmen. The Anglo-Americans go very little into the army, the navy or police in peace times unless they get fancy jobs. Next to the Irish as peace preservers come the Germans. The English in America, and their Orange allies, cut a small figure, and that is why they are so mad at the Irish, who cut a big one. "The Irish" are awfully in the way of a good many people, and the chances are they will remain so. They are not followers of Malthus, and they fulfill, with patriarchal fidelity, the divine injunction to "increase and multiply and fill the earth." They are not bothering themselves, as a rule, about the "whichness of the what" or the "ifness of the but," and, therefore, in the end, they will largely possess the land. The brazen English assumption that this is an Anglo-Saxon country is daily growing weaker, just as the faint trickle of Anglo-Saxon blood grows weaker and thinner year by year.

It is only the Celtic, Slavonic and younger Teutonic transfusion of blood from Europe that keeps America healthy and handsome. The parent, so called, Anglo-Saxon race in England is also visibly degenerating. The recruiting returns of the British Empire show that the average young Englishman, of the laboring and mechanical classes especially, is a pale, narrow-chested, knock-kneed fellow, with bad teeth and weak eyes. The Anglo-Saxon race is, in fact, in its dotage, and that is why the English are so jealous of the vigorous Irish, who furnish America so liberally with generals, statesmen, judges, lawyers, sheriffs, merchants, soldiers and policemen. Truly, if we say it ourselves, we are a great race. We can, therefore, afford to be good natured with the poor, degenerate, decrepid Anglo-Saxon English, whose age and infirmities demand our compassion rather than our anger.

RUSSIAN JEWS IN ENGLAND.

The outcry recently raised against the invasion of England by swarms of Russian Jews driven out of their country by the tyranny of the Czar's government, does not seem to be justified if the statistics presented by Mr. Llewellyn Smith, British Commissioner of Labor, are to be relied upon. Mr. Smith, among other things, says in his report that the number of Russian Jews who landed to stay in 1891 was 12,000; in 1891, 11,500; and in 1893, 6000. It is a very singular fact that so small an immigration should have produced so strong an outcry for repressive measures as undoubtedly exists in East London. There were only 219,000 foreigners of all kinds in the United Kingdom on the last census day, and of these 22,000 were French and 22,800 Americans. Russia and Russian Poland were only responsible together for 47,000, Jew and Christian, an increase of 32,000 over the previous census. Ireland was especially free from immigrants. Of 12,900 "foreigners" resident in Ireland 7,499 were Americans, whom we hardly consider foreigners, 1,111 were put down as Russians, an increase of 879 over the last census. Most of the Jewish immigrants have settled in Whitechapel, where no less than 13,000 out of 74,000 people are put down as Russians. Of these 3,886 were tailors, 1,349 shoemakers, 684 cabinetmakers, 519 commercial travelers, 321 costermongers, 314 hatmakers, and 313 painters. "Thus," says the *Irish Independent*, "hardly any of the Jewish settlers become unskilled laborers. They do not fall on the rates, but are relieved, if they want relief, by their co-religionists. They usually get on. They are more crimeless than the surrounding Christian population. Why, then, the prejudice against them? This is explained partly by their industrial proclivities and partly by their dirtiness. They prefer, says Mr. Smith, a livelihood from petty profit to that derived from weekly wages. The foreign Jew is not by any means indisposed to handicraft, but he aspires from the first to become a small master. . . . No trade offers such chances in this respect as the cheap clothing industry. In this trade they sweat one another and their workmen to such an extent that English work has been almost driven out. 'A foreign Jew is always either a sweater or a sweatee,' said one trades union official. Their sanitary condition is not very pleasant to describe: it is, however, improving. "The Russian Jew, by the way," continues the *Independent*, "is an inveterate gambler, but he is not lazy and does not drink. It seems that the Jewish women do not tend to run down the wages of female labor, which are actually lower in those trades where Christians only are employed. This is chiefly because the married Jewess does not work in factories."

MR. JAMES K. McGUIRE.

Mr. James K. McGuire, of Syracuse, N. Y., editor of the *Catholic Sun*, has been appointed Surveyor of the Port of New York by the President. Mr. McGuire is among the brightest of the young literary men of America, and has ever taken a deep interest in public matters, not excepting the Irish question. A Democrat in politics, he is socially a stranger to offensive partisanship and counts his friends by the hundred in both the great parties. THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates Mr. McGuire on his appointment.

DURING the great lumber yard fire of Wednesday night, live cinders were carried five miles from the scene of conflagration in a southwesterly direction. A timely shower of rain, doubtless, saved the city from further damage.

THE mad-dog is abroad. There are about ten dogs to every human inhabitant of Chicago if one is to judge by the deafening yelling of the brutes throughout the summer nights. They ought to be officially thinned out.

BY a fire in the great lumber district of this city on Wednesday evening, a loss of $2,000,000 was incurred. Lieut. John McGinn, of the fireboat Geyser, and a youth named William Wallenfels were killed, and several firemen and one spectator were injured. The fire permeated the district embraced by Blue Island avenue, Paulina street, and the South Branch of the river.

"BLACK DEATH," the awful plague which frequently almost depopulated Europe in the Dark and Middle ages, killed 120,000 people in the Canton district of China last month. Filth is said to be the generating cause of this dread disease.

IT would seek that Mr. Thomas B. Murphy of this city was right when he declared that he saw "Red Jim" McDermott in Chicago about a month ago. The Dublin *Weekly Independent* of July 21, prints a letter from McDermott, dated from the Windsor Hotel, New York, July 4, in which he admits having been "recently in Chicago," and then proceeds to attack Michael Davitt in his usual vituperative style.

THE Pullman repair shops resumed work on Thursday morning. Most of the military have been withdrawn from the suburb.

CHOLERA is raging with unusual fierceness in Russia and Austria. France is also threatened, and some reports say that the plague exists in Marseilles and other southern Gallic ports. The French authorities deny the reports.

THE Hon. John R. Tanner, ex-State Treasurer, and more recently Sub-Treasurer of the United States in Chicago, has been elected chairman of the State Republican Committee, to serve for two years. This is regarded as still another triumph for the aspirations of Senator Cullom. Mr. Tanner is one of the ablest public men in Illinois.

MR. CHARLES E. PIPER, a well known lawyer who has been prominently identified with Chicago politics for many years, is a candidate for congress in the Second District. Mr. Piper is well equipped for the work of law making, and would make a model legislator. He has always been an honest, straightforward man, and deserves well of his fellow-citizens.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

[*To the Editor.*]

In again calling attention to the coming conference of the Irish Literary societies, we desire to thank THE CITIZEN for the very great support it has given the movement since its inception. Circulars and tickets have been sent out already, and judging from the general expressions of approval with which the project has everywhere been received, as well as from the correspondence which we have had on the subject, we predict a very successful gathering of the lovers of Irish literature, Irish music, and the Irish language. Parties not having yet been provided with tickets can be supplied with them by addressing the undersigned, at the office of the *Young Irishman*, Columbia Hall Building, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets. We urge upon all the necessity of an early application, and beg to be notified of their intention of being present.

On behalf of the Fireside Literary Club—it is well that it should be plainly understood—we disclaim any desire of taking charge of the movement after the conference. In taking up the matter at all we merely wanted to do our duty and open an opportunity to those more capable than ourselves of starting the Irish-American Lyceum. The idea is to put the whole matter into the hands of a representative committee, and to appeal to everybody interested in the social and intellectual uplifting of our race, to carry it to a successful issue. The ever-faithful Ancient Order of Hibernians has given us its hearty support, a fact that augurs well for the future of the Lyceum, since the Hibernians have never yet failed in anything they instituted or adopted. It is to be hoped that other strong organizations will swing into line with us, those having a large membership in the city. The Young Men's Institute, Catholic young men's societies, debating clubs and reading circles are cordially invited to honor us with their presence on Aug. 12, at 7:30 p. m. "Educate that you may be Free."

PATRICK F. HOLDEN,
JOHN J. SHERLOCK.

HIBERNIAN PICNIC.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, of Cook county, will hold their first annual picnic at Gardner's Park on Sunday, Aug. 5. The main object of the demonstration will be to purchase a burial ground in Mount Olivet cemetery for members of the order. Addresses will be delivered by John T. Keating, state president and chairman; E. J. Kelly, Ottawa, Ill., state vice-president, and J. H. Donoghue, of Joliet, Ill. Football games, races and other recreations have been amply provided for. The Illinois Central suburban trains and Cottage Grove avenue cable cars to Seventy-first street, thence by electric cars, will reach the grounds.

KATIE SULLIVAN'S FORTUNE.

Said to have Inherited One Million Dollars from an Irish Relative.

On the top floor of the tenement house at No. 1458 Third avenue, in small, dingy and poorly furnished rooms, live little Katie Sullivan and her mother, Mrs. Patrick Sullivan. The struggle of life life has been a hard one for the Sullivans, and Mrs. Sullivan eked out an existence for herself and daughter by doing scrubbing work in down-town offices. But all this is past for them now, and the future has been made rose-colored for them by a letter from John Donohue, a barrister of Dublin, who writes that Katie has become the heiress of a number of acres of land and thousands of pounds of ready cash by the death of her paternal grandfather, Patrick Sullivan, County Derry, Ireland.

That family of Sullivans have been land owners and men of wealth in County Derry for generations. Patrick Sullivan, the father of the young heiress, quarreled with his father years ago and came to America, where twenty years ago he married Mrs. Sullivan. Going from bad to worse, Sullivan finally was glad to secure the roughest of labor and died in 1888, leaving his family in destitute circumstances. Mrs. Sullivan has been the bread-winner since, and has been able to keep her daughter at school. Katie is a pretty girl 14 years old and of the brunette type of Irish beauty. When the *Tribune* reporter visited the tenement house yesterday afternoon he found a group of boys and girls of the neighborhood congregated about the enterance.

"Is yer looking fer de millionair?" they asked eagerly, and without waiting for a reply ventured the information "She'se on de top floor," and as the reporter began to climb the uncarpeted stairs they resumed the discussion of the stupendous news regarding their old companion.

When the reporter appeared at the Sullivan apartments the rooms were filled with women, who appeared to be clad in light summer costumes, and a rush was made for various corners and clothes piles. Mrs. Sullivan was out at her work, but a large, good-natured Irishwoman, an old friend of the family, told about Katie's good luck.

"That's Miss Sullivan," she said, with dignity, as she pointed out pretty Katie, who sat on a broken-backed sofa and toyed carelessly with an axe, with which she had evidently been preparing wood for the kitchen fire.

According to the letters received by Mrs. Sullivan the girl's share in the estate, which is to be equally divided between her and her cousin Patrick, who is in Ireland, will be about $1,000,000 in cash and investments, and several thousand acres of land in County Derry. Donohue, who is the lawyer for the estate, has been appointed guardian of both children. Katie, accompanied by Mrs. O'Holley, a friend of her mother, will sail on the Umbria on Wednesday for Ireland, where it is expected that she will enter a convent school. As soon as the money is obtainable and things are settled Mrs. Sullivan will follow her daughter to the old country. Mrs. Sullivan has been in communication with Mr. Donohue for five weeks, but she has not let her daughter's fine outlook keep her from working hard every day.—*New York Tribune.*

Proverbial Coincidence.

[*To the Editor.*]

In the Dublin *Gaelic Journal* of April, May and June, 1894, have been published some old Irish proverbs numbered from 1 to 137 inclusive. There is no doubt but what there was a good deal of wisdom in the sayings of the old sages. One especially seems very applicable at the present time, to wit: No. 135. It reads in Gaelic as follows:

"Anuair Labhairfidh an Chuach ar crann gan duille agus Thuitfidh Domhnach Cosga ar La feile Muire, diol do chuia Stoic agus Ceannuigh Biadh."

The above, when translated, reads as follows:

"When the cuckoo coos or speaks on leafless tree, and when Easter Sunday falls on the 25th of March, sell your stock and buy provisions."

Now, the second part of this proverb has occurred this year, Easter Sunday falling on the 25th of Martch, and who can say but what the prospect for the coming winter is the gloomiest of any that has preceded it for the last half century at least? Would it not be well to act upon the admonition, and for such as can to prepare and make provision for the immediate future? A word to the wise, etc. WILLIAM RALEIGH.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS FLAVIN.

Thomas Flavin, a prominent Irish-American business man of the Town of Lake, died at his residence, 611 Fifty-ninth street, Tuesday, July 24th, of lung trouble, after a lingering illness of some months. Mr. Flavin was born in Lockport, Ill., in 1851, and after receiving a thorough education learned the trade of marblecutter. He entered into busines in Chicago on the North side about 1871, but sold out his marble yard and engaged in the grocery and market business at the Rock Island shops in 1875. He afterwards drifted into the real estate business, in which he was very successful financially. He was married in 1875 to Miss Alice Rooney, a charming lady, by whom he had five children—two boys and three girls. He was also sexton of St. Ann's church, in which he took a deep interest. He was a stanch Irish Nationalist of the advanced school, his two boys being named after the illustrious patriots, Emmet and Parnell. His remains were followed to Mount Olivet cemetery by one of the largest funeral processions seen in the Town of Lake in many years. They were escorted by Court Marquette, I. O. F., and St. Ann's Court Catholic Order of Forresters, of which he was an active member. Father Flanagan paid a tribute to his many high qualities as a citizen and a Christian in a brilliant funeral oration delivered at St. Ann's church. THE CITIZEN extends its sympathy to his widow, Mrs. Alice Flavin, his brother, M. D. Flavin, and other members of the family.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The Real Demon of the Marsh

Is not a spook, but a reality. It is neither a "bogie" nor a "kelpie," nor any other of those spirits which the credulous have supposed to haunt the banks of rivers and streams after dusk. Its is malaria, and, though invisible, it is very terrible and tenacious when it seizes you. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters drives it away, nor will it attack those whose systems are fortified with the great medicinal defensive agent. The miasmatic mists of early morning, the vapors exhaled at eventide may be safely breathed by those protected by the Bitters. In the tropics where every form of malarial disease threatens the sojourner, and is particularly virulent when developed, the Bitters is the best reliance of the inhabitant. For dyspepsia, liver complaint, lack of vigor, appetite and sleep; for rheumatism and nervousness the Bitters are a sure and safe remedy.

FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some Account of Miss Jane Barlow, a Recent Star in the Firmament of Irish Writers.

Modest and Unassuming, She Is, Perhaps, the Most Gifted Among Ireland's Recent Authors.

PART I.

MISS JANE BARLOW.

The present revival of Irish literature across the water has had the salutary effect of bringing a host of clever writers into the fields of Irish romance and archæology, and within the short space of a couple of years the treasury of Celtic literature has been enriched by their contributions in the form of translations from the Gaelic, antiquarian researches, history, biography, poetry and original fiction.

It has long been the dream of the Irish litterateur to see the legends of Irish chivalry immortalized in the historical novel by some master story-teller, who will dignify the national literature of Ireland as Sir Walter Scott did that of his native country; and who will cause the world to weep at the sorrows of her peasant heroes, whose eventful history can furnish an inexhaustible store of material for the poet and the novelist. Rarely, however, does the hardy tiller of the soil or the fisherman figure as the hero of a tale, except it be in one of the Samuel Lover stamp, in which all of his better qualities are left untold, in order to make space for a recital of his wit, his blunders, his oddities and his weaknesses. Both Lover and Lover emasculated the character of the Irishman to make him a popular figure in fiction with English readers. "Mickey Free," "Handy Andy" and "Kerry O'Leary" are extremely funny, but they reflect no credit on the Irish peasant, nor are their counterparts to be found very often in real life.

A couple of years ago a volume entitled "Irish Idylls" stole in upon the market without any lavish advertising or ostentation and attracted at once the attention of the Irish literati of London. It was a connected set or series of sketches from the pen of Jane Barlow, depicting the terrible struggle for life of the cottagers in the west of Ireland, and furnishing as powerful an argument against the injustice of the landlord class as ever was spoken or penned. The book was an instantaneous success and its popularity has not abated in the slightest degree since the day it was first recognized as a faithful picture of the awful condition of the poorest tenant class.

Miss Jane Barlow was born in the county Dublin and lives in Raheny, a small hamlet lying almost within the sound of the hum of Ireland's capital. Her father, Rev Dr. James Barlow, is Senior Master Non-Regent of the Dublin University and well known as a Greek scholar. His influence on his daughter's literary tastes is seen in the early work of her pen. In the eighties, when the scholarly George Noble, Count Plunkett, was editing *Hibernia*—a review which served to keep alive the spirit of Irish literature—Miss Barlow contributed a number of translations from the Greek authors under the nom de plume of "Owen Balair." A number of original poems also appeared in the same periodical under that name.

It was a long time before the identity of Miss Barlow became disclosed. She is extremely shy and studiously avoids notoriety. Had she been less so, she might have been famous ere now. An incident in her career affords an excellent example of this trait in her character. In 1885 a poem appeared in the *Dublin University Review* under the title of "Walled Out, or Eschatology in a Bog." She sent it in anonymously, and although the editor, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, advertised for the writer, she would not reveal her identity. The authorship of the poem was never discovered until it appeared in "Bogland Studies," a collection of original poems which she published in 1892.

"Bogland Studies" is a volume of exceptional merit. All of the poems are in the most natural dialect I have ever had the good fortune to read. There is not the slightest exaggeration in the form of the language; it is exactly as the peasantry speak it, with all the quaint idioms used by them. Miss Barlow is without a doubt in possession of a marvellous store of the odd sayings of the people and has the unique talent for reproducing them on paper. She is one of the greatest dialectic writers of the day. There are seven poems in "Bogland Studies." While they are in narrative form, unlike most of this class they are of a high order of merit, are intensely pathetic, natural and of great human interest. "The Ould Master" is a story of the unselfish devotion of the peasantry to their aged landlord whose son had gone to Australia. There is a grim humor in it that is racy of the people. The Master is confined to the house with illness and the people who are almost ruined by the bad season, endeavor to conceal the truth less it should distress him.

* * * he'd no notion what ruin was in't;
An' so liefer than have him annoyed, it's the greatest ould lies we'd invint.
For we tould him the harvest and all was as fine as a farmer could wish;
An' at times whin the most we could do was to sort him a sizeable dish
O' sound praties to serve wid his dinner, we'd say that but seldom afore
Such a crop had been dug on the Inish; an', certain, that he was no more
Than the truth; for 'twas worse than the worst.
But one mornin' he tuk to declare
He was sure that the blight was about, for he'd noticed the scent on the air
An' we thought he'd find out on us thin; but we swore it was merely a heap
Of haulms rottin'; and after that day we'd the sense to be careful to keep
A big bonfire o' rubbish alight, if the win was that way, close at hand.
So he'd smell on't smaker and the praise be to goodness we chated him grand.

There are many passages of great beauty in the poem "Past Praying For." It is an incident of the famine year, told with great pathos and power. Miss Barlow shows a total lack of religious bigotry in this poem and expresses her views on the proselytizing system of that period. One of the peasantry is driven by starvation to ask for aid at the house of the clergyman who has volunteered to distribute the provisions sent to the district. It is supposed to be related by an inmate of a charity institution, the "souper's" widow:

But, och, Sisther darlin', at Parson's we got sorra a bit afther all;
Not a taste in the world save the smell o' the soup that was sthrong in the hall.
For whin Parson come out from his breakfast he said the relief that he'd got
Was for thim who wint rig'lar to church—where he ne'er seen a wan of our lot;
An' he'd liefer throw bread to the dogs than to childher o' papists, whose thricks
Were no betther than haythins, brought up to be worshipin' ould blits o' sticks.
Howsome'er, if we'd give him our word we'd attind the next Sunday, why thin
He'd considher. But who could ha' promised the like? Such a shame and a sin:
Turn a souper in sight o' thim all, an' throop off to a place where they curse
The ould Pope, an' the Virgin, an' jeer at the mass—why, what haythin 'd do worse?
Yet that hape o' big loaves, Sisther Frances, thim folks 's in a manner to blame
Who know whin ye're starvin' and tempt ye. So we wint back the way that we came.

What a loyalty to the old faith is that of the peasant! Miss Barlow's poem is the more remarkable, coming as it does from the pen of the daughter of a clergyman in the Established Church. It is a grand tribute to the unselfish devotion of a race to the ancient religion. One of England's greatest mistakes was her endeavor to force a new creed on the Irish people. The Irishman has a touch of the oriental in his nature. He loves the beautiful symbols, the mystic rites and the teachings of the old faith. What could Protestantism give him that he had not already? The English are matter-of-fact in their composition, stern and steadfast of purpose and barren of imagination. The reformed religion with its bare realities and lack of ceremony suited them, but not so the Celt. The Reformation was the outcome of Saxon nature, a brutal revolt against grace, refinement, the beautiful and the mystic; a cold appeal to the lowest level of the understanding; not a sublime and unquestioning acceptance of an awful revelation from the lips of a consecrated priesthood. In place of the Divine Mother, the solemn emotional ritual, the mystic symbols of altar and cross, they were offered the abstractions of theology in the thirty nine articles; while with the blasphemous boast that it was the work of God, the beautiful and stately abbeys were plundered and razed to the ground, the famous churches, monuments of ancient civilization, were made desolate; where not self, but the abnegation of self was the pure ideal of the ascetic life, and in their places were set up the bare, bleak, whitewashed parish churches.

The Thirty-nine Articles did not find favor with the Irish and they refused to enter the parish churches. They preferred to die, and so thousands of them were slaughtered with their priests and the rest were degraded to pariahs in their native land; still through all the fires of persecution, they clung to their ancient faith, with a fervor that makes the devotion of the Irish to their creed and priesthood, during the bitter martyrdom of three hundred years, one of the most touching chapters in all human history.

In "Past Praying For" Miss Barlow has made a contribution to Irish literature that should make her famous, and without doubt it will, for a more touching story with more heart interest has never been written. All of the other poems in the book are of a similar character, well written and extremely interesting.

"Irish Idylls" was published in 1893 and has added to the reputation of the young writer in no inconsiderable degree. In fact she is better known by this work than she is by her "Bogland Studies," although in my opinion the latter is the better work. Prose, however, gives her more scope than poetry, for the introduction of the quaint sayings and mannerisms of the people, and in this respect "Irish Idylls" is more complete. Miss Barlow lived in the west of Ireland for one entire summer and while there gathered the materials which have served her so well in this and her later work, "Kerrigan's Quality." The sketches which form the volume "Irish Idylls" deal altogether with life among the lowly. They are not written in the scurrilous manner of Carleton, but in a manner well calculated to place before the world a picture of the straits to which the cottagers are reduced; in which the student of the present Irish problem can find abundant food for reflection. "Irish Idylls" might with justice be compared to Mrs. Stowe's immortal work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They are both remonstrances against man's inhumanity to man; both written with a righteous cause in view and both bearing the glorious seeds of emancipation.

"Kerrigan's Quality" is the first attempt of Miss Barlow at a story of length. The same masterly handling of humble life is seen in this as in "Irish Idylls," but the plot is a little obscure. Martin Kerrigan is a man who went to Australia at the command of an erratic uncle, who in time is decent enough to die and leave an immense fortune to his equally eccentric nephew. The latter returns to Ireland and meets with a cold reception from his relatives, who are not aware of his good fortune and fear he is about to intrude on them. Disgusted with them he resolves never to see them again, and going to another section of the country buys an old demesne which he leases to a noble Irish family that has been ruined by financial losses. These people are the "Quality" and their adventures and those of Kerrigan form the groundwork of the novel.

Miss Barlow gives some very clever bits of humor in this work, her description of a bicycle being exceedingly funny. The Widow Dempsey, who keeps house for Kerrigan, informs her employer that "there's a quare upset a bit down the road."

"What's that?" asked Kerrigan, with more interest than he showed. He had read all the leading articles through twice.

"One o' thim unnathural little yokes that rowl about wild wid big wheels is afther whiraling a young gentleman off of itself below at the corner. Lyin' for dead in the gripe he is, Jack Mack was tellin' me, and the whole nation, ye might say, doin' their endeavors to lift him."

There is a strong national spirit in all of Miss Barlow's work. She is a thorough Home Ruler, although the rest of her family are inclined the other way; not at all intolerant or illiberal, but they lean toward the Tory side somewhat. Miss Barlow is most strongly impelled to her work by her patriotic tendencies and social sympathies with the people. This is revealed in a naïve remark she made at the beginning of last winter when she projected the plan of writing some more short stories. "It would be a great comfort," she writes, "in the hard weather to think that one was doing what might really help the poor people by stirring up sympathies in their behalf. I know what a risk there is of trying to do this directly and so not doing it at all, and I shall endeavor to avoid that mistake."

Miss Barlow's work is unique in style. She is a persistent worker, and her writings display a steady improvement; she constantly grows surer of herself and adds to her exquisit quality of pathos a humor beyond measure delightful. She has reached her present excellence by the most legitimate means. Year after year she destroyed the work of her hands till it came a little nearer pleasing her; the apprenticeship which most writers serve in public she made in private, and today there is nothing for her to disown in her past work. But she has ever the dissatisfaction of genius with her productions, and her humility about it is wonderful. It is a curious coincidence that not only should her small, neat handwriting resemble that of Charlotte Bronte, but that their work should be arrived at through a common medium—by inspiration and sympathy and not by knowledge and experience.

The three volumes above referred to are published by the firm of Dodd, Mead & Co., of London and New York, and are well gotten up. Letter press, paper and binding are all of the best, and the set would be an acceptable addition to any library. M. J. MURPHY.

GAELIC POETRY.

Maire Ni MheLachlainn.

[Fuarámar an t-órán pléisiúrdha seo i lámhsgribhinn tháinig chugainn as Eirinn Ní'l cúntas air bith againn air an t-é a rinne é acht an méid foilsighthear dóinn as an t-órán féin. Támaoid cinnte nach bh-fuil sé nios lúgha ne ceud bliadhain d'aois. Is cuimhneach linn na seandaoine san m-baile bheith 'g é ghabhail, agus is an-deas an fonn atá leis.]

Tabhair sgeula go tapaidh uaim
Sios chun an chladaigh,
Mar bh-fuil an Iseoch Paddy,
'Sé thigeas mo rann;
Aithris do na gasraidh
Go n-deárnaidh me an gaisge,
'S an bhád a bheith aca-san
Rómhaim air an toinn.
Ni fhágfaidh me an baile
Go saorfaidh me an ainfhir
Bh-fuil cách ag tabhairt baramhail
Gur shúbhail sí so mall;
Acht dá d-tugfainn an leabhar
Air mo dhá ghlún 'san b-pobal
Ni chreidfeadh an gabha crosach
Nár chionntáidh me ann.

A chál casta na b-peurla
Dá n-giuaisféd-sa féin liom
Amach go Beinn Eudain
'S go m-b' fhortán an t-ádh;
Ni'l duine 'san áit seo
No air thalamh na h-Eireann
Nár thrugh leis MacHéil
A bheith air buile mar tá.
'S gurb é a n-iarfainn de spré léi
De bha bhuaibh no de chaoraigh'
A bh-fuil d'eallach fó'h n-gréin
Gidh gur doiligh a bh-fághail,
Binneas a béil,
A h-oria 's a h-eudan,
'S a cál casta craebhach
A chuir mige chun bás.

Bheurfainn an Biobla
Air mo dhá ghlún san n-gricsaigh
Nách shúbhail sí son oidhche liom
Cormach no mám
'S nach n deárnaidh sí agith
Á d-teach leanna no daoine,
'S nár chaith sí son oidhche
Ag teampoll Thir' Eoghain.
Dá bhrigh gurb é an fhirinn
Atá misé dhéanamh,
Gheabhfaidh sibh 'nna suidhe i
San m-baile go fóil,—
Ni'l égdnach diomhaoineach
D'iarrfadh mo dhíaigh i
'S a chóta bheith sgaolite
Nach d-tiódhnáinn dó bó.

Dar an lacha air an linn—
Dar an chreóbhir ahu 'san g-coill—
Dar an chaora á d-tig olann—
An cholleann á d-tig bláth;
Dar an g-cnoc a d-tig tortha,
Eidir fheur agus clochaibh,
Dar an iolar bhídheas tortamhail
Air mhullach na n-árd;
Dar spideóg an mhinlighe,
Dar threideóg na craoibhe,
Dar Banriogban na Bruighne
Aig a bh-fuair mise guth;
Dar a bh-fásann de'n lion
A g-counlach na bh-Faoiligh
Ni thidbhrainn do mhnaoi
Acht mar bheurfadh sí dham.
[LE BEITH LEANTA.]

The Old Irish Monks.

It is impossible to read the most ancient histories of the Irish saints without noticing how large a part books play in their lives. In the library some cut the sheets of parchment, or even sewed together in the neatest way the odd shreds (for the monk must not waste the gifts of God, especially when they are rare and dear). They polished it on one side, until it was smooth, and laid it near the scribe. Others prepared the peculiar thick inks of the Irish writers, very much like varnish, in different colors. The red was the most beautiful, and after a thousand years it yet shines as the day it was first used. It was got from a kind of cockles collected on the sea shore. Then there were black and green and golden inks, used in various thicknesses by the illuminators, and the artists in miniature.

All these inks will resist chemicals that corrode iron. The ink was placed in thin conic glasses attached either to the side of the desk or to the chair, sometimes to the girdle of the writer, often fixed to the end of a pointed stick placed upright in the ground. It is owing to this peculiar skill in making ink that so many of the old Irish manuscripts have come down to us. They were like the cloth of corduroy, unless cut up or burned up, they were bound to last for ages, and are an eloquent symbol of that tenacious love of learning, and that unquenchable faith which the hand of Patrick wrote in characters ineradicable on the very soul, in the very blood and innermost marrow of the Irish race.

The handwriting in the ancient Irish books is marvellously beautiful. It is of two kinds, the uncial and the cursive. The latter is a neat, firm, running hand, used for quick transcription and for books of common value. It is usually faultless and strikes the eye by the elegance and delicacy of the execution. In the former, which was used for the Scriptures and the mass-books, the letters are larger, separate from one another, and the words neatly spaced. Every letter is a perfect study. There is a softness of contour and a symmetry about them which charm the eye. The swing of the strokes is regular, strong, unswerving, page after page, almost as perfect as the finest capital print, and infinitely more artistic. The lines are infallibly equidistant, the letters of even height, the shading alternately gentle and massive, but ever firm and distinct.

The eye rests on these stained parchment pages, and jetsam and flotsam from the shipwreck of an ancient and glorious literature, with infinite pleasure not unmixed with melancholy They were no ordinary men, who, day after day, wrote with that bold, steady sweep, but men of decision, of clear, positive convictions, and nerves of steel. Their souls were of the same hardy temper as those who scoured the Western seas in search of unknown lands, or those who swept up and over the breastworks of Fontenoy and Fredericksburg. They were only a race of humble scholars, but they transformed the face of society, and they deserve the admiration and gratitude of all who believe that the spirit is greater than matter, man than the beast, the things of the immortal intellect above the perishable things of heart.—*Rev. Dr. Shahan, in July Donahoe's.*

Tim Moynihan, the Brick.

Thus spoke Timothy Moynihan, who stood by his engine till his clothes were afire: "I'd rather have the chief say to me what he did than have Queen of England call me a lord." What the chief said to Timothy was: "Tim, you're a brick."

Good boy, Tim. Right you are. What are belts and buckles, garters and gauds to such as Tim? The blisters on his honest hands are better than coronets. Rise, Sir Timothy Moynihan! Rise and go back to your job. Here's a new engine for you. May your shadow never grow less or your pipe be stilled. Long may it play. You *are* a brick.—*Evening Post, Aug. 2.*

Cooper's Backwoods Training.

Professor Brander Matthews has a sketch of James Fennimore Cooper in the August number of *St. Nicholas.* Of Cooper's early life he says:

Born at Burlington New Jersey, on September 15, 1789, Cooper was taken in infancy to Otsego Lake, in the interior of New York; and here, at the point where the Susquehanna streams forth on its way to join the distant Chesapeake, Cooper's father built the stately mansion called Otsego Hall. The elder Cooper was the owner of many thousand acres along the head waters of the Susquehanna, and in this wilderness, centering around the freshly founded village of Cooperstown, the son grew into boyhood. He could pass his days on the beautiful lake, shut in by the untouched forest, or in the woods themselves as they rose with the hills and fell away into the valleys. He slept at night amid the solemn silence of a little settlement, a hundred miles beyond the advancing line of civilization.

Hard as it may be for us now to realize it, a century ago "the backwoods" were in the State of New York. It was only during the Revolution that the people of our stock had begun to push their way across the Alleghanies. For years after the nineteenth century began the only white men who sped down the Mississippi or toiled slowly up against its broad current spoke another tongue than ours. Although Cooper lived in New York, it was in the backwoods that he spent his childhood, and to Cooperstown he returned at intervals throughout his life. Backwoods scenes and backwoods characters he could always recall at will from his earliest recollections. The craft of the woodsman, the tricks of the trapper, all the delicate art of the forest, were familiar to Cooper from his youth up, just as the eery legends of North Britain and stirring ballads of the Border had been absorbed by Walter Scott.

THE PRESENT DUTY.

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Napoleon as a Horseman.

Napoleon was a most cruel horseman, and changed his mount frequently during battle. At Waterloo, however, he rode only the famous "Marengo." Another celebrated war-horse of the great Corsican was "Austerlitz." Napoleon always insisted that his horses should be white or gray. Twelve were killed under him. He was once carried quite within the enemy's lines, where he narrowly escaped capture, by a mad charger. Napoleon's runaway, it is only fair to confess, was caused by a terrible wound that goaded the poor steed to uncontrollable madness. Men lose their heads from pain; why may not a horse?

For a dumb combatant of unqualified savagery we must go to the camp of those masters of warfare—the French of Napoleon's day. One of the emperor's aides, Captain de Marbot, owned a mare named "Lizette," noted in peace or war for viciousness under certain provocation.

Once, with her master on her back, she was surrounded by Russians. A huge grenadier made a lunge at Marbot with his bayonet, but Lizette dispatched him with tigerish ferocity, using only her teeth. Afterward she backed off, clearing with her iron heels a space among the Russians pressing on her flanks, then wheeled, dragging down to death beneath her hoofs an officer as she did so, and darting through the astonished crowd to a place of safety. In that brief encounter she killed two Russians outright and crippled several others with her heels, and it all came from a cruel bayonet thrust that aroused all the poor creature's latent frenzy.

AN IRISH SOUVENIR.

Oh! welcome bright-hued emblem of our
Irish faith and love—
Love for our stricken Motherland and
faith in One above—
Like rays of joyous sunshine when
through misty clouds they dart,
Come your kindly Irish emerald leaves
to cheer my exiled heart.

Was your home that loved, lone valley
lying close by Gowna's shore,
Where the thrushes warbled sweetly in
the vanished days of yore;
And the sun gleamed out full brightly,
as if greeting with a smile,
The dark and hoary ruins on Columba's
sainted isle?

Mayhap you had your birthplace by the
Inny's peaceful side,
As westward in flows gently on its way
to Shannon's tide;
Or, perchance, where Camlin's waters
flow through fertile Annalee,
You were, plucked by friendship's fingers as a gift to send to me.

Perhaps, where Granard's ancient moat
looms o'er historic ground,
Upon its emerald, grassy slopes, your
birthplace there you found;
Or where the path leads gently down to
Patrick's holy well,
You nestled in the mossy turf—ah! me—
how can I tell?

But this I know, loved shamrocks,
where'er you had your birth,
The place is treasured in my heart for it
is Irish earth;
And withered though your once bright
leaves and tiny tendrils be,
I prize you for the tidings you have
brought me o'er the sea.

The old cause still is battled for—the old
flag's flying high,
Ee'n now the dawn of Liberty is flushing
up the sky:
And past for ever is the gloom that overhung our land,
For Erin takes her rightful place—A
Nation—free and grand!
—*Southern Cross.*

HARD HIT.

[*To the Editor.*]

Your leader last week upon the condition of the country was depressing; but are not the Irish in America chiefly to blame for this English Free Trade atmosphere which covers this land of ours like a funeral pall? The Irish, as our friend Burke Cockran would say, are vigorously anti-English every day in the year but one, election day. On that day they charge under the British flag of Free Trade with all the vim of their race. They are England's cornerstone in American politics, why, no man can understand, unless it be that as some of our theologians teach, their mission on earth is to extend the church, it may also be that the Almighty has mysteriously commissioned them to extend England's empire. J. Q.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

Low Rates to St. Paul.

On account of the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, the Northwestern Line will sell excursion tickets to St. Paul, Minn., and return at half rates—one fare for the round trip; tickets on sale July 30 and 31, good for return passage until Aug. 6, 1894, inclusive. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

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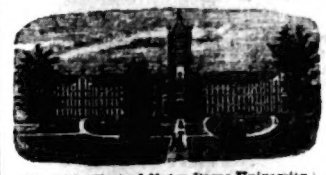
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YE BALLADE OF YE ENCORE FIENDE.

Ye encore fiende getteth inne his fyne worke.
Itte was a lyttle encore fiende,
With eyes of heav'nly blue,
And toe breake uppe ye show he didde
As muche as he could doe.

Ye audience wareth impatient.
Itte was a much tried audience,
Who were compelled toe waste
An hour and a halfe to suite
Ye fiende's peculiar taste.

Ye performers accede to ye fiende's demands.
Each piece upon ye programme was
Repeated once or more
In answer toe ye calles of this
Enthusiastic bore.

Ye avenger appeareth.
Itte was a wilde, despairing manne,
Who felt that he could bear
This sort of thing no more, and whe
Just settled it righte thayre.

Ye fiende droppeth.
He fell upon ye youthful fiende,
Then came a scene of bloode.
'Twas quickly o'er, ye fiendlet dropped
With a dull, sick'ning thudde.

Ye fiende perisheth.
And as his eyelets gently closed,
Never to open more,
He feebly clapped his lyttle handes
And called for an encore.

Ye judge decideth in favour of ye defendant.
Itte was a judge of aspect sterne,
Ye case he quickly tryed,
And soone decided that ye crime
Was fully justifyed.

Ye fiende resteth from his laborious occupation.
And now ye fiendlet lyes beneathe
A tombstone chaste and neate.
No more he'll clap his lyttle handes
Or stamp his tiny feete.
—Amusing Journal.

REVOLT OF THE —

Mr. Madax sat before his desk in a most despondent attitude, his head in his hands, and his hands in his hair. Things were going badly in the city, as, alas! they often do. Mr. Madax was alone in his office in Old Gold alley. He wanted time to think and had given orders that he was not to be disturbed. All the thinking he appeared to be able to do did not seem to help matters, so at last he pulled himself together and paced up and down the room. Finally he stopped and said to himself: "That seems the only thing to do. I shall consult with my wife. I wish she came home more frequently, and then we could talk over these matters."

He seized a telegraph blank and wrote: "Mrs. John Madax, 20 Bullion court, city. Can you run over to Old Gold alley for a few minutes? I wish to consult you on business. Madax."

He rang the bell for a telegraph boy and sent the message, then, pacing up and down his room again, waited for his wife to appear. Instead there came a prompt answer, which he tore open and read feverishly: "Sorry I can't come this forenoon. Too busy. Call on me at 1 o'clock, and I will take you to the club, where we can lunch and have a quiet talk. Joan Madax."

The worried man consulted his watch. It was not yet 11 o'clock. It would be more than two hours before he could see his wife. He sat down at his desk and devoted himself for those two hours to what business there was in hand. He brushed himself up a bit, took his walking stick and drove in a hansom to his wife's office on Bullion court. After having sent in his name a neat little girl showed him into a room and told him that Mrs. Madax would be with him presently.

She was sorry to keep him waiting, but she sent a copy of The Sketch for him to look over during the interval. The Sketch was a paper started in the nineteenth century and was at that time considered to be rather in advance of the other slow going weeklies. Now, however, it was thought to be the correct paper for a man to read, although the women paid little attention to it. In the reception room two or three other men were waiting, nursing their hats. Presently the office girl came in and told them all, except Madax, that Mrs. Madax couldn't possibly see them until later in the day, as she had an appointment, and would they be good enough to call about 4 o'clock. So the men took their departure, and Madax was left alone with his paper, although his wife entered very soon after. She was a tall woman, with fine, clear cut, decided features. As far as the upper part of her was concerned, she was dressed almost like a man. She wore a somewhat glaring necktie and a standup collar. Her hair was cut short and parted at the side, while the hair of her husband, dark and streaked with gray, seemed to part naturally in the middle. The neat tailor made skirt which Mrs. Madax wore had pockets at each side, high up and very similar in cut to a man's pockets. Her right hand was thrust into one of these pockets, and she jingled some coins and keys as she entered the room where her husband was waiting.

"Well, John," she cried, "excuse me for keeping you, but we have had a very busy morning. However, if you are ready now, I am. We will go to the Pine Ear club and have lunch." She approached her husband as she spoke and patted him with some affection on the shoulder. He looked up at her and smiled. Somehow her influence had a soothing, protective air about it, which made the man feel that he was not battling with the world alone.

One of the numerous girl clerks came in with a long ulster, which Mrs. Madax put on, thrusting one hand in the armhole and then the other, while the girl held the garment by the collar. When Mrs. Madax had buttoned up the ulster and put a jaunty round hard hat on her head, she looked more like a man than ever, and Madax himself seemed almost effeminate beside her.

"Is my brougham at the door?" she asked the girl.

"Yes, madam."

"Come along, John; we have no time to lose," said Mrs. Madax decidedly, and leading the way she opened the carriage door, whereupon he stepped inside.

"To the Pine Ear club," said the lady to the coachman.

She took her seat beside her husband, and the carriage drove off toward the west end. In a short time it drew up before a palatial building standing where the Metropole once stood. This, as every one knows, is the Pine Ear club, the sumptuous resort of women engaged in business in the city. It is higher priced than the Carlton or Reform, but is much more luxurious than either of these old fashioned men clubs.

"Call for me at half past 3," said the lady to her coachman.

The stately doors of the club were opened by two girl porters, and the couple entered. The lady wrote her husband's name in a book which was on a stand in the hall, and together they entered the large dining room, where they took their places at one of the small tables set for two near one of the large front windows.

"We will take the regular club lunch," she said to one of the waiters. "And bring a bottle of '84 champagne—a large bottle."

"I—I don't think I care for champagne," said Madax hesitatingly. "It gives me a headache."

"Nonsense!" cried his wife. "A glass or two will do you good. You look worried."

"I am worried, and that is what I wished to see you about."

"Well, we won't talk business during lunch, if you please," adding as she leaned back in her chair: "It's a habit I never indulge in. It's a bad one. We can have a talk in the smoking room afterward. How are the children?"

"Very well, thank you. The girl is a little hard on the boy and knocks him about a bit, but they are getting on very well."

"Poor little fellow," said Mrs. Madax. "Boys are such a worry to their parents when one thinks that they have to encounter this world alone. I must run down and see them next week if I can."

"I wish you would," said Madax. "The children miss you very much. Why don't you come home oftener?"

"Well, very soon I expect to be able to do so," she replied; "but, like you, I have a great deal on my mind at present, and the market requires very close watching."

"Can't you come home with me tonight?" he asked. "The children would be so pleased to see you."

"No," she answered. "I have to take Sir Cæsar Camp out to dinner tonight."

"Tomorrow night, then?" he suggested deprecatingly.

"No," said the lady, shaking her head. "It's worse still tomorrow night. I have a lot of stockbrokers dining with me at the Holborn."

"It must cost you a lot of money, these dinners on every night."

"Yes, it does," said Mrs. Madax, "but my experience is if you want to make a good business deal with a man you must first feed him well. I always see that the wines are irreproachable. I will say one thing for the men—that they always know good wine when they taste it."

"Well," said Madax, "I will tell the children that you send your love to them, but I think, you know, that a woman shouldn't lose sight of her children, even though business is absorbing."

She urged him to take his share of the champagne, but Madax declined, saying, "A man must keep his head clear for business nowadays."

"Yes," said his wife. "I suppose a man must."

There was a slight tinge of sarcasm in her voice, and she put unnecessary emphasis on the noun. Madax looked grieved, but said nothing. How often do women in their thoughtless rudeness cause pain to the tender hearts of those who love them!

After lunch was over Mrs. Madax led the way up stairs to the private smoking room which she had reserved for their use. It was in a corner of the club building, overlooking a bit of the river and commanding a view of Charing Cross railway bridge.

"We will be quite undisturbed here," she said, "and can talk business."

Ringing a bell to give an order, she asked her husband:

"What will you drink?"

"Nothing, thank you," he replied, but added afterward, "I will have a glass of milk and soda if you can get it."

"You will smoke, of course," said his wife.

"A cigarette," answered Madax.

When the waiter appeared, Mrs. Madax said, "Bring a glass of milk and soda, some of the best Egyptian cigarettes, two Havana cigars and a glass of special Scotch with seltzer."

When these materials were brought and the waiter had disappeared, Mrs. Madax walked to the door and turned the key in it. Her husband lit his cigarette from the match she held out to him, and then, biting the end from her own cigar, she began to smoke. She thrust her two hands deep down in her pockets and began to pace up and down the room.

"Now, John," she cried, "what's the trouble?"

Mr. Madax's name was Billy, but everybody called him John because his wife's name was Joan. Mr. John Madax was the name he was known by.

"Some months ago," began Mr. Madax, "I went into a wheat deal, and I don't quite see my way out."

Mrs. Madax stopped in her pacing and faced her husband in surprise.

"A wheat deal!" she cried. "Which side of the market are you on?"

"Oh, I'm on for a rise."

His wife made a gesture of despair and began walking up and down the room again.

"What in heaven's name did you buy for a rise for?"

"Well," said Madax very humbly, "you see, the American wheat crop had practically failed, and I thought I was pretty sure of a rise."

"Why didn't you speak to me about it?" she cried.

Her husband flushed uneasily.

"I wanted to do something off my own bat," he said. "Of course I had no idea at that time there would be a corner in wheat."

"Corner!" she cried contemptuously. "There's always a corner; there's bound to be a corner. Don't you know enough not to look to the United States any more for indications of the wheat market? India and the Baltic hold the key to the situation."

"Yes, I know, at least I know now," he said, "but there is no use in upbraiding me for what I have done. I am up to the neck in wheat, and the signs today are that it is going lower than ever. Now, what would you advise me to do, Joan?"

"Oh, advise you!" she cried. "What's the use of coming to me when it is too late? I advise you to get out of it as cheaply as you can."

Her husband groaned.

"I am afraid," he said, "that will mean practical ruin now."

"Well, my opinion is that wheat is going lower still."

"Then it is utter ruin for me," said Madax dejectedly.

Mrs. Madax stopped once more in her pacing the room and confronted her husband. "John," she said, "why don't you give up your office in the city and go home and take care of the children?"

A spark of resentment appeared in the man's eyes as he gazed at his wife.

"I don't want to be entirely dependent on you," he said at last.

"Pooh!" said his wife, and then she added: "I will make you a handsome allowance for housekeeping and as much as you want besides. You are worrying yourself to death about business. You ought to take a run to Brighton or go off to Monte Carlo and give up bothering about city affairs."

The man sighed.

"That's all very well, but you don't see that I want to make some money for myself."

"But you are not making it. You're losing it. You say you are up to the neck. How much does that mean?"

"Twenty-five thousand pounds," he said, with a sigh.

"Dear, dear," she said, "and I suppose that is all the money you have."

"It is more than all the money I have," he answered.

"I wish you had spoken to me before. It is too late now. Don't you see that?"

"Yes, but I had something to propose. You spoke of taking Sir Cæsar Camp to dinner. Now, I don't know what you want to get him in on, but I do know that I could get him on my side of the wheat deal, and he would bring in others. Then we might be able to stop the break in the market."

Mrs. Madax's eyes sparkled as she looked down at her husband.

"Can you really do all that?" she asked almost breathlessly.

"Yes, if I had any assurance that we would get out with a little profit. It seems to me that all their influence thrown in on our side of the market would give us rise enough to get out of the hole at least."

"Oh," said his wife, "that is another matter! Yes," she added after thinking a moment, with knitted brows, "that's a first rate idea. How much do you think it would all total up to?"

"About a million," said Madax, pleased to see that he was getting more attention than censure.

"A million," said his wife, more to herself than to him. "Are you certain you could get all that amount on your side of the market?"

"Quite certain."

Mrs. Madax, as she continued her pacing up and down, seemed to be making some mental calculations. She finally asked:

"Whom are you running against? Who is at the head of the corner?"

"Oh, that," said Madax, "none of us knows. The business is done through the Tokyo and Jamboree bank, but we don't know who is behind it."

"Now, doesn't it strike you that the first thing for you to do is to find out whom you are butting against? If it's a stone wall, the sooner you know it the better, so that you can stop before your head gets hurt. If it's a hedge, you might manage to get through. It would have been my first work to find out who was against me."

"But," said her husband, "don't I tell you that I didn't know there was anybody on the other side of the market?"

"Oh," said his wife impatiently, "you can always count on somebody being on the other side of the market. So you can't find out who it is?"

"We can't," said her husband.

"Very well," she said. "Now listen to me. You have got £2,500 in this, and if you can get all the money of Sir Cæsar and his friends to help you I will guarantee that you will come out with double—that is, £50,000."

"Do you mean it?" cried her husband eagerly.

"I mean it," said his wife solemnly.

"And may I tell Sir Cæsar that you said so?" he asked.

"No. Whatever information I wish Sir Cæsar to have I will give him myself. You will tell him that you have had to mention the dealer's name."

"Very good," said Madax, with an intense relief in his face.

"Do not let it get out," continued his wife. "Use all your force and see if you can raise the market, and as soon as the price gets up sell out at once. Have all your plans made for selling out. Promptness is the thing in these matters. Now I must go. I will drop you down at your office."

Mr. Madax knew what his wife said about the markets generally came true, so he, in great jubilation, telegraphed Sir Cæsar Camp and others to meet him at his office, and they did so. He told him that he had private information about the market, and after some slight hesitation they all went in. He arranged with them that the sale would be made at once after the rise.

Next day it was announced that a million of money was put against the corner, and wheat sprang up a few points, but not as much as they expected it would. Madax could have sold out without loss, but saw that he would not double his money, for the corner was stronger than any of them had thought, but after the slight rise down went the price of wheat again.

The very bottom seemed to have dropped out of the market. Madax's £25,000 were swept out of sight, and so was the million that his deluded friends had put in with him. All confidence that Madax had put in his wife had now departed, so he merely telegraphed to her that he was ruined and went home a broken man.

About 8 o'clock that night a carriage drove up to the door, and his wife sprang out and let herself into the house with her latchkey. When she entered the room, her husband never looked up, but she crossed to where he sat and patted him gleefully on the back.

"Come, come, my poor infant. Cheer up!" she said.

Madax's only answer was a groan of anguish.

"And so your little £25,000 has gone with the rest?" she said.

"You told me that I would double my money," he said, "and I believed you."

"Of course you believed me, and here it is," she said, taking a check from her purse. "There's my check for £50,000, so you have doubled your money."

"What do you mean by that?" said her husband, looking up.

"Mean? You poor child! I mean that I am the head of the corner. It doesn't matter now who knows it. That was the reason I had Sir Cæsar and the others dining with me. I had no idea that you were on the other side, and when you told me that you could get them to assist it seemed too good to be true, for I did want that million. Husbands are of some use, after all. Now, my boy, you take that check and go down to Monte Carlo. I may be able to go after all this work is over. I am very much obliged to you for the million you threw in my way and consider it cheap at £50,000. Draw on me for all your expenses while you are at Monte Carlo. I am sure you will find the tables much less expensive than the London wheat market. I am sorry that I can't stay with you, but I am on for a dinner in the city. Those who were with me in the wheat corner are giving me a dinner tonight, and I am due there at 9 o'clock. I am sorry I can't wait to see the children. Give them my love and tell them I will run down in a few days and pay them a visit—that is, unless you take them with you to Monte Carlo. It must be lovely down there just now. Well, ta-ta. Take care of yourself and your check. I may see you at Monte Carlo."

And with that she left the room and was waving goodby from the carriage window as the dazed man stood watching her through the open door before he had quite realized the situation.—Robert Barr in New York Sun.

Women and Wall Street.

There is an erroneous idea that women who dabble in Wall street are bepainted, bejeweled and live a life of sybaritic ease. They are popularly supposed to roll up and down Wall street in gorgeous carriages with prancing horses and a coachman and footman in livery. It is believed by many residents in the United States that some made their fortunes by the turn of a hand in Wall street, and that the life of the speculative female is one long sunshiny day.

If there be any such fortunate women, Wall street men know nothing of them. There are only a few brokers' offices where women are ever seen, and these women do not bend over the ticker with feverish excitement and sip champagne between the rise and fall of prices on 'change. The woman who ventures into Wall street these days is very much out of place. To begin with, few brokers, or bankers, for that matter, care to have women visit their offices. They attract too much attention. They have no knowledge of the value of time, and they monopolize a busy man's attention so that business is often at a standstill. Then, as a rule, the average speculative woman is a poor loser. She can understand all about making money and is brimful of good nature while the market is going her way, but when things go against her and her margin is surely and swiftly being wiped out she is apt to become disagreeable, if not hysterical, so that brokers, as a rule, prefer not to deal with women. And thus comes to an end one of the pleasing fictions of Wall street.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Taking a Telephone to Bed.

A doctor's profession requires him, if he seeks convenience and comfort, to have two telephones—one in his office and one in his bedroom. As any one who has to pay tribute to the telephone companies knows, their charges hardly represent the progress that has been made in other lines in the world in cheapening commodities. But necessity is the mother of invention, and a doctor in the east end found a way to have the convenience of two telephones and yet only pay for one. He has his telephone hung upon hooks in his office, the connections being made by the telephone coming in contact with an electric board which he has had constructed. He also has wires run to his bedroom, where another electric board has been placed. The doctor may be said to take his telephone to bed with him every night. He takes it from the hooks in his office, carries it under his arm up to his bedroom and places it upon the hooks there. Should any calls come during the night, he can answer them without leaving his room, thereby getting the use of two telephones for the price of one.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

One Way to Get There.

"Oh, Mr. de Cromo! I had such a time finding your painting at the exhibition today. It was hung away up in an obscure corner."

"Yes. I am disappointed. I shall quit art and start a laundry."

"Mr. de Cromo!"

"Yes. Then my work will always be hung on the line."—B., K. & Co.'s Monthly.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metal, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

A HOUSE OF FREAKS.

THE QUEER WHIMS OF AN ECCENTRIC RESIDENT OF CHICAGO.

He Has Money to Spend and Pays It Out For Work Upon a Hotel Which Is Altered as Often as Once a Year, but Which Has Never Been Occupied.

On a certain west side street there stands a big white four story building. One would say it was an apartment house were it not that it seems to be empty. But each spring and fall signs of life invest the place. Workmen in blue overalls and jumpers come in gangs. Wagons drive up and unload lumber, bricks and mortar. Windows and doors are opened, and the ears of the people in the vicinity are greeted with the sound of hammer and saw. Were this building to be destroyed a landmark would disappear, and were its owner to die Chicago would lose one of its characters.

Possessed of an ample fortune, this man, who may be called Colonel Perkins, gratifies some of the queerest whims which ever burdened mortal man or caused a mirthful public no end of amusement. This building is the object on which the colonel works his own sweet will, and its interior has probably worn more different aspects within the last five years than any other building in this city.

For heaven only knows how many years the colonel has intended to open a hotel. Once always and sometimes twice every year workmen are engaged, material purchased, and for a few weeks great bustle and confusion go on within the white walls. Partitions are torn down and put up, painters and paper hangers change the appearance of the rooms, and a great renovation is effected. This goes on for perhaps a month. Then suddenly the workmen are called off, doors and windows are closed, and the house is apparently empty for months. About the time the people are becoming accustomed to the deserted appearance of the place the workmen again appear and tear out what they had put in.

The colonel spends from $500 to $5,000 every time he gets the workmen into the house. As you go into the building you first notice a great oak staircase leading from the main hall. Years ago the colonel was in Vienna. In some old building there he saw a staircase with painted panels and inlaid tiles and scrolls and gimcracks of one sort and another in it. He was entranced and determined to have a counterpart of it in his new hotel, which he would open for the World's fair year. When he came home, he hired workmen, and a part of them he put on the staircase. The men started to work with sandpaper and pumice stone to take off the old paint and varnish. The colonel stopped them. They must scrape it with glass, he said. The foreman tried to explain that they could do it quicker and better their way, but to no purpose. It would not do. It must be scraped with glass. He was paying for that staircase, and he was going to have it done his way. So the men got pieces of broken glass and began to scrape. From morning till night a half dozen men scraped and scratched away with bits of glass. They finished the work in time, but the sum which it cost the colonel was something prodigious.

Then he concluded that a furnace in a house was a poor idea, so he had that taken out and the registers stuffed up. He said when he opened his hotel he would furnish the guests with candles, and they could have stoves if they chose to pay for them. The cheapest room in the house was to be $3 a day.

Personally Colonel Perkins does not like running water in a room. Therefore he has had it shut off in his room and a basin set in the stationary bowl. A pitcher of water sets on the floor. This oddity's bed, or rather the way it is placed, is the queerest imaginable. If a person were to walk suddenly into this man's bedroom, he would rub his eyes and wonder where he was. Suspended in the center of the room by chains from the ceiling is the colonel's bed. He reaches it by means of a small stepladder, which he had built for the purpose. The reason he assigns for having his bed placed in this singular position is that the air circulates better up there. How the circulation of air could have any bearing on the case is not easily seen, as the transom and every window in the room is nailed shut with big spikes.

The blankets on the bed are of the finest silk. These he sends to Boston to be cleaned, where he also sends his trousers every month to be pressed.

One time during an annual campaign of repairs the colonel concluded the mattresses and pillows needed refilling and the chairs and sofas needed new upholstering. Instead of sending the things out to be fixed he had men come to the house. The mattresses, pillows and furniture were all ripped open, and the contents he had the men pile in one room. Half way to the ceiling was a heap of hay, corn husks, curled hair and excelsior, and there it remains to this day, or at least a part of it is in that room. A portion, through carelessly opened doors and windows, has been blown through the rest of the house. The frames of the furniture also had to be all scraped with glass, and the cost was something like three times what new furniture would cost.

Another innovation which the colonel says he will embody in his hotel is doors which sink into the floor. He proposes to have the doors fitted so that by pressing a button they will sink into grooves until the top is flush with the floor. Pressure upon another button brings them up again.

Whenever he intends to go on a trip his trunks are packed and sent on exactly three days before he leaves. If by any accident the baggage is delayed one day, the colonel postpones his departure just one day.—Chicago Tribune.

RIDDLES OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Anagrams and Acrostics Have Been Known Since the Days of the Psalmists.

It seems ridiculous that the people who lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago were more interested in puzzles than you and I are today. This is true nevertheless. The puzzles I refer to are those in writing, although the ancients probably occupied some of their spare time with strange and puzzling devices of wood and metal, as we do. What a pleasure it is to solve the problems in our favorite magazines or newspapers! It is very good exercise for one's brains, too, and where a prize is offered to the fortunate boy or girl who first solves the puzzles of different kinds the work is more pleasant still in the anticipation of proving oneself a little cleverer than the others and of receiving the gift. We find that the acrostic is the most ancient form of puzzling mankind. Acrostic is Greek for a number of verses, the first letters of which form a word—sometimes a name and sometimes a sentence. The final letter may form a word, or, as Addison tells us, the letters will even run down the center of the verses as a seam. The Hebrew poets often made their verses run over the entire alphabet. Twelve of the psalms are written on this plan, the most notable being the one hundred and nineteenth. This has 22 divisions of stanzas, corresponding to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each stanza is formed of eight couplets, and the first line of each couplet in the first stanza in the original Hebrew begins with the letter aleph, the second commences with beth, the third with gimel and so on through the alphabet. The English divisions of the psalms are called after the Hebrew letter that began the couplets. It was also customary to compose verses on sacred subjects after the fashion of Hebrew acrostics. This was done with a view to aid memory, and such pieces were called abcedarian hymns.

The riddle is also of ancient origin. The Proverbs of the Bible, or sayings attributed to Solomon, are often in the form of riddles. Was it not the Queen of Sheba who proposed riddles to Solomon? The Koran, the scriptural book of the Mohammedans, also contains riddles, as do some books now in existence, written in Arabic and Persian. The ancient Egyptians also propounded riddles, and one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived in the sixth century B. C., was celebrated for his riddles in verse. Homer, the Greek poet, according to a statement in Plutarch, died of vexation at not being able to solve a riddle. In the middle ages riddles were encouraged for amusement on winter nights in the baronial hall and also in the monastery. In later days some of the most brilliant men of letters contributed to the list of riddles.

The anagram, or transposition of the letters in words or sentences, was much in vogue in Greece in the olden times. The Cabalists, or Jewish doctors, thought that the anagram always pointed out a man's destiny, and if his name written backward or transposed in any way spelled a word with meaning they firmly believed it a revelation. The flatterers of James I of England proved his right to the British monarchy as the descendant of the mythical King Arthur from his name Charles James Stuart, which becomes "claims Arthur's seat." The best anagrams are those which have in the new order of letters some signification appropriate to that from which they are formed. When Pilate asked, "Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?), he probably had no idea that his question answered itself. But it did. The transposition made it, "Est vir qui adest" (It is the man who is here). Anagrams were written as early as 250 B. C., and their name comes from the Greek words ana, backward, and gramma, writing.—Philadelphia Press.

Secret of Living Long.

The necessity of relative harmony throughout the entire physical system cannot be too strongly urged. Herein lies the chief secret of health and long life. Manifest weakness, or even predominant strength, in any part opens the avenue for the invasion of disease and the approach of death. What can be done for the realization and maintenance of structural and vital harmony? Space would fail us to give details adapted to varying conditions, but the underlying fundamental principle for its accomplishment may be imparted in few words. Strive to strengthen and develop those parts of the body which have been slighted by nature or weakened by disease or abuse; guard sealously such structures and see that they are never subjected to undue strain or too active exertion; neglect not the improvement of every part of the economy, but seek first to improve the weakest structures; look well to organs of vital importance—the heart, lungs, kidneys, etc.—and seek especially to advance their good. A fine physique is not to be ignored, but of far greater importance are a strong pair of lungs, a normal, well guarded heart, good digestive apparatus and functionally sound kidneys. The strengthening and developing of vital structures require more skill and perseverance than the training of the muscular system and should be conducted with much care and diligence.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Eat Fruits.

The warmth of summer tends to biliousness and fevers, and the free use of fruits counteracts this tendency. This is because the acids of the fruit help to facilitate the separation of the bile from the blood, a process slackened by the approach of hot weather. "Fruits are cooling" is an expression often used, but why this is so very few understand. They are so because the acid of the fruit stimulates the liver to greater activity in separating the bile from the blood, which is its proper work, the result of which is the bowels become free, the pores of the skin are open, and under such conditions fever and want of appetite are impossible.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Curiosities of the Singular Red Lights in the Northern Skies.

The ancients viewed the aurora borealis with superstitious awe, looking upon it as an omen of direful disaster. It is not unusual for descriptions of old time battles to mention the fact that the "curious red 'northern lights' gave us warning that something awful was about to happen." In the annals of Clan-Mac-Noise is to be found an account of a purple aurora, which lighted up the northern skies in the year 688 A. D. on the night preceding the dreadful battle fought by the Irish tribes of Leinster and Munster, and it is not necessary to mention the fact that the people took it as an omen of the great slaughter which soon followed.

In the year 1859 the people of America witnessed some of the grandest displays of the auroral light that have ever been known in the history of the world. During the month of September, that year, particularly upon the nights of the 2d, 3d and 29th, brilliant auroras were reported from nearly every point on the American continent. Superstitious people like those of Ireland hundreds of years ago believe until this day that the peculiar appearance of the sky upon the nights mentioned was a presage of the great conflict which was so soon to be waged between the north and south.

The cause of the aurora has long been a matter of speculation. M. de la Rive, a Genoese scientist, who has long and faithfuly labored for the enlightenment of humanity upon this subject, made an interesting experiment in Finland in the year 1882 and one which goes a long way toward proving that "fitful aurora" is a phenomenon of electrical character.

The experiment is best described in the language of the experimenter himself: "We surrounded the peak of a mountain with copper wire, pointed at intervals with tin nibs. We next heavily charged the wire with electricity, and afterward nearly every night during our stay had the pleasure of seeing yellowish white light dance from nib to nib, in which the spectroscope analysis exhibited the greenish yellow rays so characteristic of the aurora borealis. At Pietarintumturi we were especially favored in making our experiment, having on two different occasions caused an auroral arch to appear as if hanging in the air directly over our wires and about 150 rods above them."—St. Louis Republic.

His Certificate.

Public men are often at their wits' end to avoid people who seek their influence to carry out new enterprises or to further their personal interests. A prominent politician in an evil hour bought some corn plasters of an agent who was selling them from door to door. He was seated one day in his study preparing for a debate when a shy, cadaverous man was shown in. Thinking the stranger might be a constituent, the politician received him with his most genial air.

"Good morning, sir. I called to see if I could get your certificate for them corn plasters you bought of my agent the other day."

"Why, sir, I do not understand you."

"Merely a certificate for the benefits derived from my corn plasters."

"Oh—ah—yes. I understand. Certainly, certainly." And the statesman wrote:

"To whom it may concern: This is to certify that if I live long enough I shall be a thousand years old next July. For 175 years, more or less, I have been an invalid, unable to move except by a lever. The day before yesterday I bought a box of Barker's corn plasters. Since then I can run 20 miles an hour. Any man who believes this and wishes further recommendations will gladly be supplied if this corn doctor lives to get out of my office."

The man of corn plasters took it in silently and departed.—Harrison's Monthly.

Electric Treatment of Plants.

About 30 years ago an ingenious physician of an inquiring turn of mind was struck with the idea that if electricity was good for feeble people it might be equally good for feeble plants. A row of evergreens had been put out on his grounds some time before, and it occurred to him that as there were a couple of his best trees in an exceedingly frail state of health here was a good chance to test his theory. He accordingly connected a wire from a battery with the roots of one of the trees, turned on a very mild current and watched the results. In a short time the leaves, which had begun to turn yellow, took on a lively shade of green, new shoots started out, and the tree that had been given up by the gardener as past saving was soon the most flourishing one of the row and before long outstripped its fellows in beauty and luxuriance of growth. These experiments in this direction came to an end by the death of the doctor, and thus much that might have been of great service to the gardener and the florist remained undeveloped. Who will enter the field and give us accurate, simple and easily managed methods of growing plants by electricity?—New York Ledger.

Age of Some Noted Universities.

It is said the University of Oxford was founded by King Alfred the Great in 872. The University of Cambridge, or rather the first of the colleges at present comprised in it, was founded by Hugo, bishop of Ely, in 1257. The University of Paris was founded by King Philip II about the year 1200. The first German university was established at Prague in 1348. Trinity college, Dublin, was incorporated by royal charter in 1591. The University of Edinburgh was first chartered in 1582 by King James VI of Scotland. Harvard college was founded at Cambridge, or, as it was then known, Newtown, Mass., in 1636. Yale university was first established at Saybrook, Conn., in 1700. It removed to its present location, New Haven, in 1716.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

IMPROVING ON NATURE.

From Japan Comes a New Method of Making Furs Ready to Wear.

A Japanese gentleman has perfected a new process for furs, called the fur transferring process, by which the ordinary skin is entirely removed, the fur alone remaining, each individual hair being attached to a flexible fabric. The advantages claimed for this process are that the furs are much softer and more pliable than ordinary skins, that they are entirely free from any unpleasant odor, and so far from being injured from being wetted they can be washed in hot water and dried like blankets. It is also said that the fur will not come out by use, as the hairs hold much closer than when implanted in the original skin. All kinds of fur can be thus transferred from the skin on which they grew on to a close and durable fabric.

The method of this transfer is at first sight rather difficult to grasp. It is obvious that each individual hair cannot be transferred singly, but that the whole must be done at once. The nature of the process, however, may be very easily indicated. The original skin, from whatever animal it may have been obtained, is placed with the fur downward, in contact with the an adhesive surface, to which the hairs become so strongly attached that the skin may be laid hold of and absolutely torn or stripped away, leaving the fur attached to the cement, and so perfectly is this accomplished that the skins themselves are capable of being utilized for leather.

The next step of the process is the covering of the roots with another adhesive material, by which they are cemented to a close woven fabric. Thus it will be seen that the external portion of the fur is tightly held by the first cement to which it was attached, while the roots of the hairs are closely cemented to the fabric which has been placed upon them. In the process of manufacture all that is now necessary is to loosen the attachment of the hairs to the cement on which they were first placed, when the whole of the fur in its original position is obtained, only cemented to the flexible fabric in lieu of the original skin.

The result is undoubtedly most successful. It is difficult to imagine a softer fur than that which is obtained.—New York Advertiser.

The Indian Canoe.

What a wonderful creation is the Indian canoe! Light as foam, blown like a feather by the slightest breeze, responsive as a cork to the least ripple. Yet this same fragile bark is adapted to the wildest waters. It leaps in safety from crest to crest of the cataract or buoyantly surmounts the billows of the stormy lake. It was well for us that it was so, for we were heading toward a broad sheet of water that was thickly dotted with white caps. We were soon far enough out to feel the full force of the gale that stung our faces with wind and spray. To go against such a wind with a bark canoe would be an utter impossibility, but to run with it was great fun. Our safety depended upon the skill of the steersman in keeping her before the wind. Certainly the day had commenced auspiciously. We were making quick time. The complacent Irishman was taking to himself all the credit for this gale as though it were part of his business. I was forbidden to paddle, but with Captain Mick's consent I tied the tails of my rubber coat to the handles of two paddles and inserted the blades in the armholes. This extempore sail greatly added to the speed of our flying craft. On we flew, outstripping the spray that leaped after us and fell short. This kind of sailing furnished sensations for which no analogy can be found in the whole range of navigation. Instead of plunging deeply and laboring heavily, as a wooden boat would, our buoyant vessel scarcely deigned to plunge at all, but seemed to skim like a sea gull on the very foam itself. So we crossed Lake Talon in a boat which a man could carry, doing eight miles of angry waves without shipping a thimbleful of water.—Outing.

It Was All Right.

Fashionable New York restaurants would drive a Bowery proprietor to suicide with their apparently lax and reckless business methods. It is the desire of well-known resorts to save their patrons from all annoyances and embarrassments. An absentminded man, shortly after he became engaged to be married, invited his fiancee, her married sister and a party to the theater and afterward to supper. He ordered an extremely good supper and was feeling rather proud of the result when it occurred to him that he might have come away from his home without any money. A hurried examination showed that this was just what he had done. Now, no man likes to play the fool before the woman who has recently promised to marry him, and this man immediately felt "panicky." He left the room in a "rattled" condition to make a clean breast of the affair to the cashier. When he reached the desk, the cashier said to him before he could give a word of explanation: "Now, I know just what you are going to say. You have forgotten your pocketbook. Don't think about it for a second. It is all right." The absentminded man went back to his guests with a suddenly improved appetite for supper.—New York Tribune.

Married Life In India.

An educated Hindoo gentleman, a graduate from one of the universities, said to an English friend: "Your government did not know what it was doing when it abolished the burning of wives on their husband's funeral pyre. The fact is, we were obliged to introduce that measure to prevent our wives from poisoning us." This is a beautiful side light on the condition of things in India, and it is a sword that cuts both ways, for it not only reveals the cunning of bad men for their own safety, but shows the sort of husbands they must be whom wives would poison if the penalty were not to be burnt alive!—Boston Woman's Journal.

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1925 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State-sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 139 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 538 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Monogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 326 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemstege, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, V P, 1045 W 58th st; R S, J V Cook, 748 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 709 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 423 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 281 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9224 Baynor av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4728 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4039 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Ambrose No 24—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1129 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 76 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 122 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Hlindauler, 488 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 875 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Chidley. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thos C Kenny, 3511 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Klirwin. Meet 3rd Firday at 3500 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1009 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1020 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Jessps st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, P Seguine; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 43—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 45—C R, Peter Schoenmer, Jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schoenmer, 228 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. July Term, A. D. 1894. Mary Hart vs. Edward Hart. In Chancery. No. 131,930.
Notice is hereby given to the said Edward Hart that the above named complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.
FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Complt's Sol'r.

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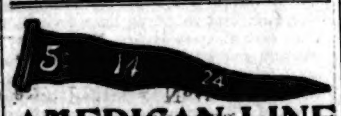

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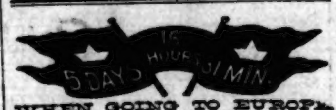

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